

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

TRACKS OF A TRAVELER.

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BY THE EDITOR.
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THE last track was left, I believe, on the margin of that smallest of all lakes, which lies under the elm-tree shade on Boston Common. After that Undine plunge into the bubbling fountain, I know not how to give farther traces, till the traveler found himself, one beautiful morning, perched on the summit-dome of the lofty capitol. If it is the fashion of the water-genius to exalt her votaries, after such acts of water-worship, it may have been my reward to have been lifted thus high for a more than ordinary homage. However, not being fully skilled in the laws of fairy-land, I will leave all such speculations to the better knowledge of my reader, and proceed with my veritable and prosaic rambles.

MY POSITION.

Yes, my position. No man can live a day, in this age of the exact sciences, without clearly, learnedly, logically, egotistically, affectedly, and even foolishly defining his position. Our young literary bloods, who affect to know a little of the German, call it giving their "stand-point." However, let the substantive be what it may, the substance is now what occupies me—the dome of the state-house of the republic of Massachusetts, very high itself, and towering up from the highest of the three hills of the *trois-mons* city. Hot as the weather is, reader, we have rather an airy spot from which to look down upon town and country. But we can look down, and off, upon as wide, as various, as splendid a prospect as ever greeted, it may be, our vision. Here, just at our feet, is the city of American cities, as clean as a parlor, as beautiful as a garden, as sweet as a rose in the bloom of June. Its streets look as if they were swept and dusted every day. No person is allowed to throw upon them the smallest amount of dirt. I do not know that a man would be fined for throwing an orange-rind or any thing of that nature upon the clean pavement; but, either from the fear or the pride of the inhabitants, particularly among the American part of them, such a thing is rarely or never done. All such refuse is daily gathered up by the servants of every house, and delivered to certain city employees,

who carry it entirely beyond the limits of the town. Excepting on the public thoroughfares, such as Hanover, Washington, Commercial, and similar streets, the carriage track looks more like a gravel walk in some well-kept park, than like what it is. Here, for example, is Beacon-street, running just in front of us; and I will offer you, reader and fellow-traveler, if you will go down and make the trial, a dime for every specimen of dirt or refuse, from an apple-skin to the heel-piece of a cast-off shoe, that you will find by the most diligent search. You may have the whole street, and all the streets directly running into it, in which to make the experiment. You will not go? Well, it is because you know you would come back no richer than you went. This city of Boston is the cleanest of all cities; and yet it is not as clean now as it used to be before it was overrun by foreigners. The police laws, I know, are nearly perfect; and every officer either performs his duty, or is soon left without any duty to perform. But, when all this is granted, I know not how such regularity and cleanliness can be maintained in so mixed a population. Every-where else the Irish housekeepers will make the street the common sewer for their filthiness. Every-where else the low German, whether in his house, or out of his house, will go about with his dirty pipe-bowl hanging a foot or two below his mouth, while he is himself the center of a circumference of scent, which, smelt in fancy only, makes one instinctively pinch his nose. Every-where else the low-bred American, rough and yet ready for still greater roughness, swaggers along the street, pouring out a torrent of blasphemous or vile talk, caring for neither man nor manners, as if the goddess of liberty were to him but the demon of licentiousness. Every-where else the half-grown boys, a thousand times worse than the wickedest of the men, move along in crowds, especially on the Sabbath, or after dark, bawling, and brawling, and bullying their way into every public place, in open and set defiance of all law and decency. None of these things are seen in Boston, or, if seen, are annihilated on the spot. Strangers, I know, who, in other cities, have been in the full enjoyment of their filthy liberties, affect to sneer at this stringent discipline; but their sneers are just as much to be heeded as the yelping of so

many puppies, when, with the same discipline and purposes in view, you eject them from your drawing-room, or kick them from your kitchen. The Bostonians, who have passed through four cholera seasons without at all suffering from the epidemic, may well say to all such characters, "Die in your dirt, ladies and gentlemen, if you will; we would rather live a little longer, and, to do so, are willing to undergo the sacrifice of spending our days in a state of cleanliness."

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

Standing as we now do, we turn the geography and topography of our subject up side down; for, contrary to all custom since the days of Ptolemy, who, they say, made the first map of the world now extant, our right hand is west instead of east. This Beacon-street, which runs in that direction, crosses yonder half mile uncovered bridge, whence the road continues, in a broad and beautiful avenue, as far as Brookline, where our friend, Isaac Rich, Esq., resides in his splendid country seat. The scenery is very grand. It is made up of water, plain, and mountain, the land being laid out in country seats, where the talent, the wealth, the enterprise of much of Boston goes out every night to enjoy the cool sweet air and perfect quiet. Across this charming landscape, in spite of all its water, pass two lines of railroad, one of which goes west to Albany, the other southwest to Providence. Just at the left border of the Rhode Island road lies the city of Roxbury, a place which a stranger would not distinguish from Boston, as it is now not separated from it. Still farther left is South Boston, originally as distinct topographically as Roxbury, but now another portion of the great central city. From this point you may take the cars, on the Old Colony railroad, for Plymouth, where you may spend a few hours most profitably, when you will, in dreaming upon the Alpha and Omega of our pilgrim Argonauts.

We have now completed one quarter of the circumference of our glorious panorama. The Bay of Boston is now before us. It is a bay of great beauty, covered with the white-winged birds of commerce, and skirted on three sides by city walls, and country garden-plots, and rural mansions. The islands are all occupied for some useful and yet ornamental purpose. Yonder is the celebrated farm-school. There are the quarantine and hospital. A still larger hospital stands on the right bank of the bay, higher up on a commanding hill-top. It is surrounded by other charitable institutions. Beyond this elevation is Milton hill, where my excellent friend, Rev. A. Stevens, one day took me, that I might get his favorite view of the wide scenery I am now describing. I was richly repaid for the labor of climbing the ascent, not only by the prospect given, but as much by the many anecdotes told me by my friend concerning the localities and their inhabitants. I am not certain, however, that the view from the place where we are now standing is not equal to any other. One thing is certain.

By straining our eyes a little, we can look entirely across the bay, and catch a glimpse, here and there, of the long blue line that marks the nearest limits of the great ocean; and, by turning our vision gradually to the left, we see the raised bank of the Marble-Head railroad, then a broad expanse of lowlands, covered now and then with sea-weed and water, next East Boston, with its ship docks for European steamers, and its railroad running east to Portland, and then the beautiful and flourishing suburban town of Chelsea, which is connected to the city by another half-mile bridge, as well as by a steam ferry.

Having thus traced one-half of the circle, by which our panoramic view is bounded, we may as well turn round, by which we shall get our geography right side up again. We have now the north before us. The right is east, in which direction, beginning where we left off, the first thing is the Charlestown ship-yard, where Gov. Everett has just made his great speech on the anniversary of Bunker-Hill battle. That was the place to make it, as it is the point where the British landed, and as the mountain battle-ground, with its single but lofty column towering to the clouds, is just above it. Next comes the city of Charlestown, united to Boston by two broad and fine bridges, with the Massachusetts state-prison standing upon its western border. Beyond and still left-ward, are half a dozen neat little towns—Summerville, Malden, Medford, and others—where we are yet to enjoy several rambles. We here see the tracks of several railroads. The one starting from this huge brick edifice, on the north-eastern border of the city, is the one that runs out to Lowell, from which there are long branches to New Hampshire and Maine, besides a number of shorter ones to different important places. That splendid stone structure, not far to the left of the brick building, is the depot of the Fitchburg road, which also has its branches. All of these roads, besides carrying an immense number of travelers every day, unlike the negro's turnpike when a horseman asked him where it "went to," which "neber went no where, but eber staid jes where he be," are themselves constantly traveling onward toward Montreal, Quebec, and other parts of Canada. They will each get to their journey's end by and by, unless other remoter cities, not yet built, shall lead them we know not where.

The fourth quarter-section of our great circle includes places of unequalled interest. Medford itself, a place just mentioned, where half or two-thirds of all the shipping of Massachusetts is built, lies just within this section. Nearer to us, but still farther left, tower the steeples of old Cambridge, where was the camp of Washington, where now stand the time-honored halls of Harvard, where the literary gentry of Boston and of Massachusetts have fixed their residence. Here centers the civilization of New England, which, in its turn, is the center of the western hemisphere. Cambridge is, indeed, the $\mu\epsilon\sigma\sigma\epsilon\lambda\alpha\varsigma$ —the middle point of earth—

as Pindar and Euripides used to say of Delphi. It has been often wished, by far-seeing men, that a more spiritual priesthood presided at this modern oracle. I could most heartily wish so too; but I can not give my voice to the general hue and cry, as if the robed spirits of this place were but the ministers of darkness. The Unitarian theology I have studied and condemned; but this same theology has the least to do with the tone and temper of Unitarian civilization that can well be imagined. Is Sparks any less a historian, Longfellow a poet, Agassiz a naturalist, Greenleaf a civilian, and Pierce an astronomer, or are they any the less justly and safely leaders of our civilization, because they are in connection with a Unitarian college? Some, I know, will not allow Channing to have been a Christian, hardly a philanthropist, because he was a Unitarian preacher. Such a man, however, can well dispense with the good opinion of such contemptible bigots, to whatever fellowship they belong, when he has been followed to heaven's gate with the admiration of two hemispheres; and I do sincerely wish, both for these critics and myself, as good a seat in paradise, as I believe is now occupied by that best of all the good and great men ever raised up by Massachusetts. One thing can be said of the Unitarians of Cambridge, and of Boston, which can not be said of many calling themselves, *par excellence*, Christians. They are always gentlemen. They let other people alone and attend to their own business. If they say any thing about you, to whatever Church you belong, it is a word of charity. If they do any thing, it is an act of kindness. When, years ago, I was a young and unknown preacher in their city, and preaching doctrines directly opposed to their theology every week, I enjoyed the friendship, the blessings, and, I believe, the prayers of many of these Unitarians. Though associated with a congregation whose liberality was proverbial, and whose kindness to myself was unlimited and perpetual, I can truly say, that, during all my residence in Boston, I received as many substantial tokens of regard, as many choice gifts, as many evidences of genuine sympathy, from these half-excommunicated Unitarians, as from my own open-hearted people; and yet, from that day to this, I have seldom been able to find out the name of one of this class of my many friends and benefactors. At this very moment, while I am spending a few weeks for the purposes of health and study, I meet the same all-embracing kindness. Libraries have been thrown open, services have been offered, attentions have been bestowed, altogether beyond my deserts, and by men with whom it is of some value to form a personal acquaintance. Methodist as I am, and Methodist as I always expect to be, never, while I live, shall I probably feel called upon to sanction the theology, or to do injustice to the Christian benevolence, of the Unitarians of Boston. There are now strong symptoms of a return to a heartier religious life among them; and when that

life shall pervade them generally, as it now does and always has a considerable portion of them, they will be, in all respects, the most valuable and useful people of the western continent. They are, at this time, the most intelligent and philanthropical.

The panorama closes with a glimpse of Fresh Pond and the shades of Auburn. That is the place where the higher classes go out to enjoy the quiet and the cool breeze of the afternoons of summer, and where, in company with my oft-mentioned and always attentive friend, Rev. A. Stevens, I spent a joyous day of rest, relieved by my friend's entertaining conversation, not many weeks ago. The other is the place where the same classes go, when their appointed time is over, to lie down in a much deeper quiet, in a longer rest, beneath the cooler shade of its funereal trees and monuments. There lies the body of my young friend, Robert Rich, who, in spite of his early promise, was more needed in the land of eternal blessedness. His two sisters, Anna and Emma, lie by the side of him to keep him company. Yes, there are my friends. In company with their mother, the lady of Isaac Rich, together with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, I have recently stood near the spot where they now are sleeping. We shed together the tears of love and sympathy. They were worthy of those tears. May they rest in peace! We shall see them, and know them, and love them, in the spirit-land, when death has been swallowed up of victory!

"They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices—once so sweet—
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—
All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again."
[VISITED AND UNVISITED.]

While standing here, reader, high up in this airy place, while the warm sun comes pouring a softening ray upon the chill of early morning, I can point out to you the spots where I have just paid visits, and others which I have not visited. Among the latter let me say are Leverett-street jail, where the unhappy Webster is incarcerated, and the Medical College where he consented to be the murderer of his friend and benefactor. Have not visited Dr. Webster? No, sir, I have not; and I do not intend to visit him. I have no wish to see him. Though I have passed him nearly every day since I have been in town, and have friends among those every day admitted, I have never had the first desire to see him. Just there, a little beyond that bridge, is the college building, where the deed was done. It is not five minutes' walk from where we are now standing. I have walked and rode by it twenty times, since I came to Boston, but have never once gone from the pavement to the door, either to see the rooms, or the veritable Littlefield, who is yet there, giving his attentions to the public. In other days I used to see Dr. Webster now and then; but I have no curiosity to see him now. The face of Dr. Parkman, too, was once familiar to me; but the

fact of his having been murdered, which draws crowds of strangers to look upon the house where he lived, has given me no new interest in him. All this may seem very strange to you; but so it is, and I am bound to own it. If you ask a reason, I can give none whatever. I know not why myself, unless it be, that I have no *taste* for such things. It is probably all a matter of mere taste; and there is no chance for quarreling with a man's taste, if there is any truth in the old proverb. I never read the account of murders, and horrors, and atrocities, in the newspapers. Here again I can only say, I have no taste for them. Indeed, could I have my way, I would have but very little said of them, either in print or in conversation. When you sit down with company, whether intelligent or unintelligent, whether thinking or unthinking people, politeness urges you to talk on such subjects as they can appreciate and comprehend. You give them no inkling of the workings of your own mental life. In this way you will often appear to have an interest in topics, concerning which you privately never take a thought. Thus, thinking and unthinking persons unite in sustaining the too common practice of talking, as well as of writing, about matters which might be better let alone. To myself murders and robberies are such matters. I would rather talk about *good deeds*—about *doing good*—about the great topics of the *intellectual* and *moral* life. I find myself, in the present state, passing through a wonderful and mysterious existence. I am told that I am passing to one still more wonderful and mysterious. I am surrounded by men of different nations and languages, and of various professions and positions, who are earnestly engaged in the study and contemplation of this great mystery. Some are speaking, some are writing books, about the higher life of man as an intellectual and spiritual being. These are the topics of which I wish to talk. These are the men with whom, or about whom, I wish to hold converse. In this way I may increase my own interest, and the interest of society, in subjects worthy of attention. By the other course, I am hardening my heart in relation to those scenes of blood, as the heart is always hardened by frequent contemplation of such atrocities. I am, also, helping society onward to that pitch of hardness, which the old Romans reached by the same process. The most delicate lady of the Roman capital could one night attend the theater, and weep like a child over the *feigned* sorrows of Hecuba and Polyxena, and the next night witness without a shudder the *real* butchery of half a score of gladiators. What Rome was, America may be, unless we encourage, by pen and tongue, a higher and purer style of social conversation. Added to my want of taste in such things, this is the only reason why I did not visit, and now have nothing to say about, the unhappy Dr. Webster; and were I so selfish as to look only to my own enjoyment, I could wish that the common world would begin to read and think con-

cerning the great facts and feats of science, of literature, of religion, of any thing elevating and improving, so that we might be able, when we meet, to talk about something else than blood and murder.

Dropping this subject, then, altogether, I will show you, reader, as near as I can point them out, a few places which I *did* visit, and that with pleasure. Yonder, far away over that salt-water bay, in the midst of that delightful plain, is the very beautiful country seat of my friend, Isaac Rich. There I have just spent many pleasant days and nights. Here, on the left, as we face the water, is the residence of the well-known Edward T. Taylor, where I have passed a great many hours in promiscuous but useful conversation. Between these two extreme points lie the homes and hearths of my Boston friends. All I can now say is, that, for weeks together, I have *enjoyed* their old-time hospitality.

Behind that thicket, away yonder, lies the delightful little town of Medford. There I have spent a day. There Capt. Sylvanus Rich inducted me into the art of ship-building. The whole time of the visit was devoted exclusively to this object. I came away quite a Robinson Crusoe, and could, I think, scoop out a canoe, at least, and rig it in true nautical fashion, should ever an occasion call for it. At this place, too, I beheld a wonder. With my own eyes I saw the buds of three large roses growing on the limb of an apple-tree! That beats the knockers all to pieces.

Away down the bay, a little farther than the eye can reach, lies Hingham on the margin of the water. It is the summer residence of Mr. Fearing, the leader of the evangelical movement among the Unitarians. There, in company with Father Taylor, I had promised to spend a day and a night; but one hinderance after another has prevented. Besides the pleasure of a visit to the summer resort of our common friend, we expected to see that little Hingham girl, who has tamed all the fish that swim about the shore there. She goes down to the water's edge, waves her hand, and begins to talk, when the fish come rushing to her from every quarter. They seem to regard her as their guardian genius. While she is with them, they are not afraid of strangers. When she leaves them, if any person remains behind, they rush back again to their hiding-places. I know not whether she numbers any sharks or whales among her finny subjects. One thing, however, is as full of significance as it is absolutely certain. There is nothing peculiar in the girl but a spirit of uncommon kindness. She began by feeding the fish. She would let no one hurt them. Thus she gained their confidence; and now she can do what she pleases with them. Her kingdom is said to be every day enlarging. She may not be able to make a conquest of the whole ocean; but her example shows us, that love, the soul and center of true religion, is the most powerful of all weapons. God is omnipotent; and yet God is love.

THE HOME OF THE MISER.

BY HENRY J. FOX.

"Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall—
 Silence without and fasts within the wall;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound—
 No noontide bell invites the country round;
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
 And turn the unwilling steeds the other way;
 Benighted wanderer the forest o'er
 Curs'd the sav'd candle and unop'ning door;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat."

POPE.

"He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house," says Solomon; and if there is a cold and disconsolate dwelling on earth, it is the house in which Avarice hides her victim. Enter it. What provision do you find for the comfort or the recreation of its inmates? Is it there that you find the thousand and one little conveniences that modern ingenuity has devised to lighten toil? Is it there that you hear the sound of music and the voice of melody? Is it there that the blazing fire sheds its glad radiance upon the happy countenances of sportive children and welcome guests? No; look any where but there for these evidences of contentment, and joy. You will find them in the log-cabin of the emigrant—in the humblest cottage of the poor; but in that cold, gray mansion, where the hoarder-up of doubloons and dollars ekes out his imbibited hours, they are things unknown.

If a mother lives there, she is care-worn—haggard. Her antiquated and well-darned garments tell tales of meanness and restraint. Do children peep out at the windows, or glide slyly from the doors, how sharp their features!—how keen their vision! How they sneak and cringe to share with poor men's boys tempting morsels they have never seen at home. From such a house the very sunlight seems to shrink back; it is cold, and dark, and damp. Ask where the produce is with which its cellars and the barns should be filled, and the jingling dollars in the miser's pockets answer, "Sold." Inquire why the apparel of its inmates is so mean, and their food so coarse, and musty bonds and greasy notes reply, "O, we are more to him than his wife or children. He *must* care for us. If we accumulate, he cares not that they starve. Sooner than loose his grasp on us, he would let them die dishonored deaths. We have eaten their clothes; we have gnawed their flesh; we have fed upon their best affections; and were it possible to double us by offering up on our altar their very souls, he would lay them there to smoke and burn for ever."

It is no uncommon thing for such a man to have in his employ a number of the honest, toiling poor. If so, he treats them as mere machines, out of which wealth is to be extracted, and upon whom it would be improvident or impolitic to spend but the smallest per centage of the produce of their sweat and strength. How often does he go to the alms-house

or the orphan asylum, and, under the pretense of charity, take home some child over whom some mother's heart once yearned, and make that child a drudge! There are, we fear, this day, and in this land of freedom, hundreds of such. It is right that children of this, as well as of every other class, should learn to labor. Labor is the doom of every man. But they should also play, and eat, and sleep; all these the avaricious man both begrudges and withholds. When we see such children toiling the weary, livelong day, strangers to kindness, and ignorant of all youthful joys, we think we see that child's mother peering out of the eternal world. We almost imagine we hear her crying to the God of the fatherless, "O, Lord, how long!" and as she cries we also imagine that we see the recording angel taking in celestial type the long series of oppressions, scene after scene, that they may stand out in all their living reality in the day of noon, to confront and scorch up the tyrant's soul.

Never did Avarice crush and grind down the poor under cover of so much base hypocrisy as she now does. There is an openness about slavery that gives to it, black as it is, at least the semblance of grandeur. But we fail to see any thing noble—we fail to see even the shadow of manhood in the wretch that can consign a woman to midnight toil—that can doom human beings like our mothers and our sisters to long and weary hours of sorrow, and then dole out to them a miserable pittance, which, by any standard, they have earned seven times over, and call that wages. Shame! O, shame! that in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the widows and orphan daughters of American freemen, have to give in exchange for scanty food and still scantier raiment their eyesight, their reason, and drop by drop, inch by inch, their very blood and lives! O, remember, ye men, who suffer your avarice to file at the heart-strings and to scathe as with hot lightning the souls of the needy, there is a God that will arise at the voice of their sighing—a God that will take the very riches that you have extracted from their affliction with all their millstone weight, and bind them indissolubly to them—bind them to you that they may sink you the more deeply and rapidly in the perdition to which you are already doomed.

But let us suppose the avaricious tyrant dead. Who closes his eyes? Some broken-hearted brother? No; the hands that draw the lids o'er those starting eyeballs have already been smote together in ecstasy at death's approach and triumph. Who bear him to the tomb? Who sorrows for him there? He is borne to his last resting-place by mercenary hands; and who shall utter a sigh or shed a tear for one who, while living, robbed the orphan and oppressed the widow? He and his gold are separated. A prodigal has seized the shining pill, and now the cold carcass that gathered it is drawn forth to the sepulcher. There is a crowd, but they "lament not for him, saying, 'O, my brother!' or 'O sister!'—say-

ing, 'O Lord!' or, 'O, his glory!' No. They curse him." There is profusion of nodding plumes, of somber, creeping chariots, and dingy crape; yet, notwithstanding all these, "he is buried with the burial of an ass," without one single sob of anguish. No bosom heaves. No eye grows dim; all is stern, or cold, or glad.

"O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake
The wretch throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

THOUGHTS ON MEMORY.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

"Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!" ROGERS.

MEMORY is that faculty of the mind by which the past is made to appear as the present. It is that mystic chain which binds youth and manhood together, which brings the joys of childhood before the vision of the hoary-headed sage, and throws around him "the light of other days."

The pleasures of the imagination may be dear to our hearts; we may love to give a free swing to our wild, wandering thoughts, and soar aloft into the bright realms of romance; we may picture to ourselves bowers of bliss amid scenes of unfading youth and beauty, and hear sounds of melody which are strangers to earth; we may revel in the scenes of fancy, as if in a world of our own creation; the world of imagination may be surpassingly beautiful; and all that we can imagine of grace and loveliness may people the regions of unrestrained thought; and yet all these are but shadows, fleeting as the mists of morn—evanescent as the dew before the glowing brightness of the rising day.

Not thus with the pleasures of memory. It is true, we see not such bright forms as Fancy paints when taking her loftiest flight; yet we can mingle with all we have seen—with all we have known—with all that we have loved. True, the pleasures of the past are mingled with sorrowful emotions; but it is a sorrow that we love to cherish—a grief dearer than joy—a feeling we would not exchange for all the pleasures that are found in the halls of mirth and revelry; it is the wild and plaintive strain of the soul when its mystic strings are struck by Memory's fingers. The eye may dim with tears at the recollection of the bright, departed past, but they are tears in which joy is the principal ingredient—tears which water green spots

in the waste of life—tears which make the heart rejoice in its loneliness.

To the aged man the years of childhood have many charms; the voices heard in other years echo again in the lonely and deserted halls of the heart; the shouts of youthful gladness peal again on his ear; and all the bright and beautiful memories of the past, pure as angels, throng the chambers of the soul. Sweet, sadly sweet, is the memory of the joy and innocence of youth—youth, when on the heart fell only sunshine—youth, the bright and glorious spring-time of our existence. Our skies were then clear—by sorrow and care unclouded. Happy days, ye are past, but not forgotten!

If memory thus exert her sway over the aged, what must be her power over those who are just changing from youth to manhood?—whose hearts are yet buoyant with hope?—who have not as yet drank of the mingled cup of joy and sorrow?—who are about to enter on life's busy scene, with all its anxiety—with all its care? What must be their emotions when about to sever the ties and associations of youth—to leave, perhaps forever, the home of their childhood—the spot which has been all the world to them! They dream not of sunnier skies than those which overarch them now; nor of fairer flowers than those which bloom in their own quiet vale, to which they are about to say farewell. And though they may go and dwell in the spicy isles of the east, or under skies as cloudless as those of sunny Italy, the dream-like recollections of their cottage home will steal over the heart—forgotten scenes, at the call of Memory, the enchantress, will again appear in all their freshness and beauty, and they will feel it is the dearest place on earth—a spot on which brooding memory delights to linger. Time and distance will vanish; they mingle with the friends, and roam amid the scenes of other years—years when the heart was unstained by sin, and life's pages were traced with the characters of virtue alone, and they will exclaim, in most wishful tones, "Return, return, ye sweet, sinless years!"

But let the heart be perverted, the passions unchecked—let guilt deface the whole moral features, and memory will become a worse than scorpion sting. All the dark deeds of life will pass before the mental eye in solemn and awful review, and they will cause tears—tears of bitter and unavailing regret. Would you avoid the agonies of remorse? Let your lives be such that the recollection may be sweet, and the pure, unspotted page of memory pleasing to the eye, and when you pass away you shall be embalmed in the memories of those you have loved.

AFFLICTIONS.

"SANCTIFIED afflictions," says J. Baynes, "are among the most precious blessings of the Christian's present lot; patience and submission to God's holy will are thus brought out and strengthened, and he is eminently glorified."

THE CHINAMAN ABROAD.

BY REV. R. S. MACLAY.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the readers of the Ladies' Repository to receive some notices of that singular and interesting people—the Chinese. My present purpose is, to give some extracts from a book of travels and observations written about sixty years ago by a Chinese philosopher and historian. The work has been recently translated and published by Rev. Dr. Medhurst, of the London Missionary Society. The following notice of the author by "Li Wai," in his preface which he wrote for the work, will serve to introduce him to the reader:

"My fellow-townsmen, 'Ong-tai-Hai,' in his youth possessed irrepressible vigor of mind; and scorning to submit his lucubrations to the criticisms of the examining officer, gave up his prospects of advancement to official rank, and contented himself with the publication of private essays. He was a truly noble-minded scholar of the age. His family were originally possessed of a little property; but our friend unsuspectingly allowed his accountants to waste his income; and as many of his debtors had absconded, he generously sold his patrimony and divided the proceeds among the claimants; for, having other designs in view, he would not allow the business of markets and shops, money and cloth, to interfere with his projects. After living for some time in poverty in a neglected lane, he wished to travel north and south of the great river; but his means being insufficient, he suddenly thought of going abroad; and embarking on board a merchant vessel, he soon landed in Batavia. When I heard of this circumstance, I admired his determination. After a long season of travel he returned to his native land, and, at length, arrived at the hill of 'Sieng Lu,' and passed through 'U-Ling' and 'Kin-Chang,' in order to revive some of his old recollections. In the year 1798, at an inn in the entrance of 'Su-Chan,' we grasped each other's hands, and discoursed of what had happened during the twenty years of our separation, lamenting that in both cases old age was creeping on us."

We now present some extracts from the work itself. His description of some of the European nations is characteristic. First comes his account of

THE DUTCH.

"With respect to the Dutch, they are very much like the man who stopped his ears while stealing a bell. Measuring them by the rules of reason, they scarcely possess one of the five cardinal virtues. The great oppress the small, being overbearing and covetous; thus they have no benevolence. Husbands and wives separate with permission to marry again, and before a man is dead a month, his widow is allowed to go to another; thus they have no rectitude. There is no distinction between superiors and inferiors—men and women are mingled together; thus they are without propriety. They are

extravagant and self-indulgent in the extreme, and thus bring themselves to the grave without speculating on leaving something to tranquilize and aid their posterity; thus they have no wisdom. Of the single quality of sincerity, however, they possess a little."

INHABITANTS OF JAVA.

The natives of Java he holds in great contempt: "As it respects the manners of the natives, with their uncouth forms, singular appearance, dwelling in hollow trees, and residing in caverns, with their woolly hair and tattooed bodies, their naked persons and uncooked food, and all such monstrous and unheard-of matters, it is scarcely worth while wasting one's breath upon them."

MANNERS OF THE EUROPEANS.

His opinion of European manners is as follows: "In their manners the Europeans aim to be polite, and affect an elegant air. They seem delighted at meeting their friends, and are lavish in their compliments of one another. If a man in his poverty makes application to them, they do not reject him; whether he be of the same clan, or only distantly connected, they do not look strangely upon him. When young people see a stranger, they compliment him with a bow; and when menials meet their masters, they honor them by kneeling. This is according to the liberality of human feeling displayed in ancient times, and is truly praiseworthy." Some customs, however, he feels bound to condemn:

"Men and women walk about hand in hand, and sit down shoulder by shoulder, while some of them proceed so far as to go arm in arm, or to take one another round the waist, so little do they know of the decencies of public morals."

EUROPEANS IN JAVA.

The following notice of the customs of the Europeans residing in Java may be interesting:

"In these western regions eating and sleeping are very important things. Let the case be ever so urgent, the visitor must not be immediately announced till the gentlemen have done eating or rise from sleep, when the attendants presume to inform them. The tower of the church is very high, and the sound of its bell may be heard in all quarters. It strikes both day and night. After midnight and mid-day they commence reckoning one o'clock, which goes on till twelve in both cases. Just after noontide, at two o'clock, the inhabitants of every house shut up their doors and go to sleep. Then no passengers are to be seen in the streets. Thus one day is as another day, and one year as another. I must say this western region is a very pleasant place; but a man must have no parents at home, be destitute of brethren, and have no family anxieties upon him, and then he may all his life-long be a most happy fellow in such quarters."

OPIUM.

In an article supposed to have been added by another writer we have this notice of opium. It shows the Chinese view of this momentous subject:

"Opium may be denominated an article of luxury; but it is of an encroaching nature. Men partake of it in order to procure a moment's enjoyment; but they do not know it makes gradual inroads on the constitution, and extends its injury to a future day; for the corporeal energies of man are like the rays of the sun and moon, the soothing influences of which cheer all things to attain growth and vigor; but the fire of opium is like a midnight blaze upon the hills, burning up and destroying every thing with which it comes in contact. Whoever consumes much of this drug becomes meager and emaciated; he is indisposed for active exertion, and his countenance assumes a pale and somber hue. Having long indulged the habit, he wishes in vain to relinquish it; but he can not help continuing the practice, till his family is ruined and his property wasted. Then worms are engendered, and the marrow is dried up; yea, every kind of frightful disease comes on, for which medicine has no remedy."

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRIEST.

In the course of his ramblings he meets with a priest whose conduct shocks him exceedingly:

"Fuh-Pin was a native of Chiang-Pu in the prefecture of Chiang-Ching, and became officiating priest in the temple of Samarang. He could write a good hand, and talk glibly with the tongue; but he publicly married a wife, and brought up a family of children, to which he has added an establishment of men-servants and maid-servants, so that when a guest arrived he used to call his slave-girl to boil the tea. Most ridiculous truly!" By way of reproof this author composed the following verse:

"I have heard it reported a hermit dwells here,
Who joins with the worldling in making good cheer;
His surplice is worked in the female arcade,
And to boil us some tea he calls out his maid."

The rebuke is certainly a mild one. We fear the worthy author only "wasted his breath" on the wayward priest.

THE FRENCH.

We have next some farther notices of Europeans: the French come in for a description:

"The French reside in the north-west corner of the ocean, very near the English and Dutch. Their appearance, apparel, and household furniture, are all similar to those of the Dutch, but their language and literature are different. Their dispositions are violent and boisterous. Their country is poor, and contains but few merchants; hence, they seldom come to Batavia. Whenever the Dutch are insulted by the English, they depend on the French for assistance. The population of France is numerous, and the kingdom large, so that the English are somewhat afraid of them."

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In conversing with foreigners he has collected the following unique account of the Cape of Good Hope:

"This place is situated at the corner of the southwestern ocean. When the Dutch vessels annually

return to Europe, they generally anchor at this port to change their crews and lay in provisions, after which they proceed on their voyage; for the Cape appears to be about half way. The Chinese of Batavia who engage on board these vessels as sailors, on their arrival at this place are exchanged for Europeans, from whence, after a short residence, they return to Batavia by other opportunities, as they are not permitted to proceed to Europe. The voyage between Batavia and Holland is said to be three months outward bound, and five months homeward bound, because in coming the winds and tides are favorable, and only three months are required; but in going both are contrary: hence, the necessity of a five months' passage. It is also said that somewhere near the end of the voyage, there is a dark part of the sea where neither sun nor moon can be seen; but after proceeding onward for three or four days these again appear; for in this wide world there are many wonderful things which we can not account for."

THE WATER-SPOUTS.

The author now proceeds to describe many of the wonderful things he saw in his travels. We shall select a few of his notices; and first we take his account of water-spouts, or, "The Dragon inhaling water:"

"On the wide ocean, when storms occur in the dusk of evening, a line of black clouds, like a needle, is sometimes seen to descend, gradually coming lower and lower till it reaches the sea, when the water, thereby thrown into commotion, forms a violent eddy. Those who are at a distance experience no injury; but should the phenomenon approach, then it is necessary to burn fowls' feathers and let off crackers to disperse it, while great care must be taken to cover the water casks and reservoirs on board with cotton or cloths; otherwise, the water in them would be drawn up into the clouds. The taste of the sea-water is naturally salt; but when thus drawn up and formed into rain, it becomes fresh. This is one of the inscrutable ways of Providence whereby human life is preserved."

SUPERSTITION.

We quote the following to show his regard for superstitions. He is describing the Gecko:

"The Gecko is of the lizard species, with a large head and a broad tail. It is nearly a foot long, and its color is green, variegated with brown streaks, interspersed with red spots. It is altogether an ugly beast, and nestles on the beams and rafters of houses, or in old broken walls. At night it comes out, attracted by the lights, to devour the insects which abound. People say that its bite is mortal; but I never heard of any one having died by it. Whenever it makes a noise, people count the number of its cries in order to divine their future fortunes. Thus five, seven, or nine cries are considered lucky; but two, four, and six unlucky. How ridiculous!" The author tells some rather tough stories; for instance, he has an account of a curious race:

SAVAGES WITH TAILS.

"There is a tribe of Dyaks dwelling among the hills, with ugly faces and tattooed bodies, who have tails about five or six inches long, at the end of which are several bristles, about an inch or two in length. These savages frequently engage themselves as sailors, and come to Batavia, but on being suspected they run and hide themselves. Should any insist on inspecting them, they change countenance and resist stoutly."

THE QUADRANT, OR HEAVEN-MEASURING RULE.

"When Europeans navigate the ocean, they do not depend solely on the compass, but make use of a quadrant to measure the heavens, by which they know how far the vessel has sailed. The form of the quadrant is something like a fan when opened out. It has a horizontal rule and an oblique one. The former is divided into degrees and minutes, on which some European characters are written. Whenever they measure the heavens they do it exactly at noon, when the sun is at the meridian. The horizontal rule remains fixed, and by moving the slanting one backward and forward, they ascertain the distance they have sailed, together with the depth of the water. The principle of this is rather abstruse. Some Chinese have endeavored to obtain the knowledge of it, but have not succeeded."

THE BALLOON, OR CELESTIAL BOAT.

"This boat is short and small, resembling a dome-shaped pavilion, capable of containing ten men. Attached to it there is a pair of bellows, or air pump, of exquisite workmanship, in shape like a globe. Several people work this with all their might, and the boat flies up extremely high, when it is borne about by the winds; but if they wish to give it any particular direction, they spread their sails and make use of the quadrant to measure their distance. When they arrive at the destined place, they take in their sails and let the boat descend. It has been reported that these boats have been burnt and injured by the sun's rays, while people venturing in them have been scorched to death; therefore, people do not dare to continue their use."

In giving the foregoing description the author of course depended entirely upon the statements of Europeans, and it is not strange that he makes it rather a ludicrous affair. Perhaps, too, his teacher may have been disposed to take advantage of our author's credulity.

AMUSEMENTS.

It seems that balls were fashionable among the Europeans in Java. Here is the author's account of them:

"When Europeans make an entertainment, they set out a long table, at which scores of people sit down, which is called a feast, and when the stringed instruments play up, men and women stand opposite to each other and dance, which is called dancing. (sang-lah.) When a young woman is marriageable, she is allowed to select her own partner, who is called her lover, or Sooka. If they are fond of each other, they dance together to settle the match."

THE TELESCOPE, OR THOUSAND LI MIRROR.

"That by this instrument distant objects should be seen is not so much a matter of wonder; but that there should be some with crooked tubes for surveying the sides and corners of buildings, and the most retired parts of rooms, in short, every nook, is matter of great surprise. The best of them are worth thousands of reals. They are used in warfare; for by means of these one can look into the camp of an enemy, and know his real situation, penetrating within the embrasures and behind the screens, to see whether the troop be few or many; all which can be thoroughly surveyed. Truly it is the cunning invention of supernatural agents."

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

There are many other portions of this work which would be interesting to the American reader; but we have room for only one more. The author found the Roman Catholic religion in Java. It may be gratifying to know what idea he formed of it:

"It is the custom of the country highly to venerate the priests, setting up monasteries for the padres, and keeping up the ceremony-day, [Sunday.] These padres are foreign priests. They lay great stress on the sprinkling of water, [baptism,] and in their services turn night into day. Every monastery strikes its bell to fix the time. At mid-day and midnight they commence reckoning their hours, going on to twelve respectively. They venerate the cross, and do not sacrifice to their ancestors, while they worship no other spiritual being than Deus. There is something still more extraordinary: the padres forgive people's sins, and are very much honored. The ordinance of baptism is thus administered: the corpse of the chief padre having been boiled down to an ointment, one of the instructors takes charge of it, and when any wish to enter their religion, they make them swear that their whole persons are derived from Deus, after which the padre takes the ointment with water and drops it on the head; hence, it is called water sprinkling. The ceremony of marriage is performed by holding each other's hands, in addition to which, on the day of the nuptials, the minister throws a chain or garland around the necks of the bride and bridegroom. Every seventh day they go to Church and ask the padre to forgive their sins, which is called going to mass. Old and young believe and attend to this. There are, also, nunneries, where they collect moneys for the public service. The nunnery is locked up very closely, all the males being excluded. The building is high and imposing. Daily necessities are hoisted in by a basket over the wall, and all those females who wish to enter the cloisters and devote themselves to the practice of piety are admitted. When the chief padre meets the abbot, the usual ceremony is to smell (or kiss) his hands; but when common people pay their respects to him, it is done by kissing his foot. *The reason of this ceremony can not be ascertained.*"

The naivete of this last sentence is entirely

Chinese. One acquainted with this people can easily fancy the author gravely studying over the subject and endeavoring to solve the mystery.

Such is the impression made on the mind of this inquiring Chinaman by Roman Catholicism. It speaks for itself. We gratefully notice one or two points of light in the dark picture. The worship of the one true God, and the approximation to the great truth that we are his offspring afford us some encouragement. But on the other hand how much of human device and superstition clings to and dishonors them and other truths! After making all necessary allowance for the imperfect communication by language which exists between foreigners and the Chinese, we yet see that the system of religion with which the mind of this heathen came in contact must be full of errors. We do not condemn the Roman Catholic system because these impressions are made on the minds of this one man; but because *her errors must legitimately produce such a result*. At some future time we hope to express our thoughts more fully on the Roman Catholic missions in China. For the present this must suffice.

Our object in presenting these extracts has been to give American readers a specimen of Chinese composition, and some idea of the views of Europeans which they entertain. This work as translated contains eighty pages octavo. We hope Christians will become more deeply interested in this people. A loud call is now made upon the Church in behalf of China. May she understand her duty and discharge it!

THE SEASIDE.

BY FALCONER.

To me nothing is more pleasant than to wander along the sea-shore in the early mornings and cold, calm evenings of autumn. The wide area of waters is then dyed with every hue of heaven; the waves stretch out like broad fields in a distant landscape—here purple, there green, farther on golden and brown, like lands sleeping in the fallow, or fields covered with the gorgeous carpet which summer throws over them, or all yellow and golden with the ripe and yielding ranks of autumn corn. Beautiful is the verse which I have many a time repeated, and fully descriptive is it of the changing hues of the ocean when rolling beneath an autumnal sky:

"Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon its waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away;
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is gray."

A sail upon the sea in the clear, bright days of autumn, O, how refreshing and delightful! My

pen can not describe my feelings on such a day. My heart and my soul are then too full almost for utterance. The bland and cheerful breeze comes along with its mild, soft touch upon the brow, the waves murmur slow and solemn all around, as they roll toward the sparkling sand of the shore. You look toward the horizon of the sea; the broad water stretches far, far away, till it seems to kiss the sky, and you can not tell which is the ocean or which the cloud. There, miles and miles away, you can watch the dim outlines of huge ships—now lost in the darkling haze, then appearing and gliding along through a gateway of gold, that streams an almost endless distance over the restless ridges of the molten waves.

I love to walk below the tall, white cliffs on which a thousand tempests have beaten, and enter the snow-white caverns which have been washed by the waves of hundreds of winters. If you could be on the sea-shore of Scotland, reader, in early summer or spring, you might behold the fearless boys suspended from the giddy heights by a rope held by their brave companions, who are taught to look upon the ocean as a nursing mother that will some day rock them to sleep, while the winds and the waves will sing their lullaby. I recollect an incident of a father and two sons who were some years since swung off from a cliff a distance down toward the ocean of two or three hundred feet. They were on an excursion of bird-catching and egg-gathering. All were fastened to the same rope, but each having a separate elevation. After having spent some hours in examining the nooks and crannies of the rocks and precipices, they commenced their ascent to the summit, where they originally swung themselves off. The youngest son was farthest up on the rope, the elder one was at the lowest extremity of it, and the father was between his two sons. The rope at the top had placed itself against the sharp edge of a projecting rock, and was gradually wearing away its strands. The party soon saw this, and most awful was their situation and dreadful their feelings. There was no hope that all could be saved. The rope would not hold out. The boiling ocean was beneath, and to that all must soon descend, unless the weight on the rope could be relieved. What, in such an extremity, could be done? The father said to his boy above him, "You are the youngest son of your mother, and you will live longer to provide for her wants than myself or your brother. Hold to your grasp, and hasten home to tell our fate." Then, drawing forth with one hand from his pocket a sharp knife, and holding to the rope with the other, the father cut the rope above his head, and himself and elder son sunk, never to rise from the yawning abyss beneath. The younger son was saved, nor did he ever after, as I could learn, follow that vocation which proved fatal to his brother and father.

But I forget. Let us take a ramble along the sea-shore, and gather the endless variety of shells which are every-where scattered at our feet. Look

seaward, and behold the tiny fishing boats riding from wave to wave, while the drowsy sails flap idly to and fro, looking as though they traversed the waters in their sleep. Beautiful and lovely indeed are these little villages, which every-where dot the sea-coast with their small, white dwellings, their neatly-fenced churches, with their tall spires looking heavenward, and their sweet Sabbath bells. Through the open lattice the sea-breeze brings refreshing airs that have been wafted from many a distant and far-off land, and at the foot of the cottage yards the waves break in endless gushes of purple, and gold, and green, just as they are tinged by the clouds that stoop over them.

Old ocean! wild are thy waves, and fathomless thy depths! Though mild and beautiful in summer's sunlight, thou art hoarse and terrible when the winds of winter sweep over thee. But still I love thee. I love thee in calm; I love thee in storm; I love thee in the days of spring and summer; I love thee in the days of autumn and winter.

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelld, uncoffined, and unknown!"

THE BRITTLE THREAD OF LIFE.

BY HARMONY.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

"On mine ear bursts loud
Yon dull, dead, dreary bell's slow-swinging, tomb-toned boom.
But who is dead? Naught here that tale can tell:
The quiet kine around me silent lie,
The early breeze creeps along each wild flower's bell,
The hawthorn home of lute-tongued birds is still,
While yon heart-chilling bell peals loudly o'er the hill."

It is a rainy, dark, and saddened morning in early spring. No sound breaks the silence but the note of the church-bell swinging upon the air with a measured cadence, to signify the catastrophe which separates the soul from the body, by as many slow and measured peals as mark the years that they have been united in life. The hoarse bell's "tomb-toned boom" breaks awfully upon the stillness and gloom of the morning. The very heavens seem weeping in sympathy—in darkened loneliness, and every leaf and blade of grass, and every odorous flower waves mournfully, and their echo is "Death! death!" O, how few who sit listening to the

"Swinging pend'lum's measured strokes,"

think that perhaps the next time that bell gives out its death-cold peal, it may be to signify that they, too, have fallen a prey to hungry death! How these dark thoughts struggle with hurried prayer, as they

seem to prompt brother mortals to prepare for the departure of their own soul! And, O, what a throng of sudden memories hurry past the mind, like phantoms in a dream, bright and smiling as they approach, but withering into pale corpses as we gaze upon them! O,

"Hush, voice of death! thou makest my blood run cold;

The very wind seems frightened as it blows,
And the dark earth a grave, but made to hold all it contains."

But who is dead? Is it some old man, who has seen threescore springs? or some poor pauper, who was scarce clothed or fed while stirring on earth? or is it some fair maid just budding into womanhood, who smiled in joy as the sunny days of spring drew near, with their hues and odors, and vernal breezes, and singing birds, and all the bright and beautiful things abroad in this glorious season gathered round her path? or is it some pure and beautiful babe? O, there is something so sweet and mournful, something so holy, lingering round the lifeless form of a little child, that the sternest heart is moved, while gazing upon the closed lid, the lily cheek, and the tiny mouth of the little one, the angel child.

Ah, no! it is none of these, but a young man full of hope in the fresh years of youth. Poor Henry W.! his years have been few indeed. He sought with avidity the fruit of knowledge, and had just completed his prescribed studies, with life and joy before him. Now he lies pale and cold in the very room where he so often talked of distinction and pleasure to come, and strewed life's thorny path with imagination's fadeless flowers. From him the sweet spring-time of life has fled with all its rainbow hopes and promises. O, it was hard to die when he saw the world opening its allurements to his view, and he was quickened by the development of the talents which his industry had won; and when in the roving of his fancy he saw the expanding charms of a picturesque world, and the enjoyment of a fortunate life, when he should be introduced on that stage where he was to exhibit his talents, and struggle for a name among the great ones of earth. For this purpose he redoubled his attention to the duties of his profession, and dwelt upon the distinction which at some future day he justly hoped to acquire.

Every body loved Henry W. for his sunny smiles and his sympathetic heart, the warmth of which spread richly forth to mingle with the kindred flow of joy or sorrow in other hearts. Love and friendship were not to him mere names; they were his life, his being; without them he could not exist. His love of the beautiful amounted almost to a passion. But, alas! he was destined never to arrive at maturity; a wasting disease placed its withering mark upon him, and rioted upon his form with lingering triumph. Two winters he spent far away in the genial clime of Florida, in hope that the balmy breezes would renovate his feeble frame. But nature and disease maintained in him a perpetual conflict, and the body was fast yielding to the

latter. Day by day he became more changed; his step was less firm and gay; and now torn asunder is the silver cord, and broken the golden bowl; fled is the dream of life. His spirit has passed away from this world of light and shadow—this world of happy, joyous hearts, and of hearts bleeding and broken—to its eternal state, and is now drinking in a foretaste of that sentence hereafter to be pronounced, which will complete its everlasting and irrevocable destiny.

Henry W. was a gay young man of the world; consequently, the interests of his soul were neglected till all hope of life was given over. Then he shrank from the cold pleasures of the world, and felt that he stood on the brink of an awful precipice. He cast from him a world deceiving and deceived, and to a pious mother he turned for counsel and prayer. O, how often had that mother wept for him, and remembered him in her prayers, and grieved for him lest he should go down to the grave unchanged. Now at his request the holy volume was opened, and lessons of sweet comfort she read to him from its sacred pages, and then she knelt and prayed that the lessons might be deeply grafted in his heart. Many days passed thus. But praise be to God, who sent his angel of peace, and gave the rest of calm confidence and serene joy to his anxious and perturbed spirit, in answer to the prayers of that mother! The mind which had been so agitated by conflicting emotions, was now calm and peaceful as a forest pool when not a zephyr fans its surface. Day by day, while he remained with us, he became more deeply spiritual. The torch within burned more brightly as the casket which contained it wore away; for the angel of the God in whom he had learned to put his trust, even at the eleventh hour, spoke within him of higher hopes and of a better world. He has called him thither, from earth to heaven, to a joy his soul can understand.

On the day of his funeral, the rain had ceased, the heavens brightened, the sunbeams danced gayly over the earth, the odorous breathings of the opening flowers, and the singing of the birds filled the air with spirit voices, that murmur ever in low, sweet tones of love. Henry W. was borne to a little, lonely, flowerless grave-yard, and there they buried him amid the silent dead.

When a friend is laid in the cold grave in one of our desolate, uncared-for country grave-yards, my whole heart's blood seems freezing in its channel. Each zephyr breathes a reproach. Why should one who loved the beautiful on earth thus be reft of it when his eyes are closed? "He is not dead, but sleepeth." The spirit lives, knows, and one can not but wonder why it does not return to haunt its dreary abode, and whisper censure to those who placed it there. The adorning of our graves, surrounding them with all that is beautiful in nature and art, takes away one-half of the terrors of death. Then let the ever-verdant tree wave its sympathizing branches over the head, and the sweetest flowers scatter their fragrance upon the graves of our

loved friends who have preceded us to the spirit-land. Then will holy and truthful thoughts and bright hope hover around the tombs of our loved ones as crowns of stars; and every returning spring each swelling bud and opening flower will seem to declare that the night of death is passing, and that beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

THE ONLY SON OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY WENTWORTH ALEXANDER.

No grief not my own has so touched my heart as the death of Andrew, the only son of Mrs. Sigourney. His brief life departed with the roses of June, and a sorrow, which it is not for us to know, fell upon a long-unbroken household. Himself, its youngest, one in whom parental pride and sisterly love had centered many fond hopes, his death seemed like the tearing up of some sensitive plant, over which we have long watched and labored, only to witness its destruction. Indeed, this child of promise had been a plant of the tenderest nurture and most vigilant care. Till his ninth year, he continued to receive from his gifted mother the elements of a practical education, imbibing from this gentle influence and from the companionship of a sister whom he dearly loved, a delicacy of feeling and a propriety of manners, rarely found in school-boys of equal age and activity. This beautiful feature in no wise lessened the enthusiasm of an ardent and poetical temperament kept constantly awake by elegant recitals of tales of the Revolution, to which he listened in rapt delight on the knee of his maternal grandfather, a participator in the eventful struggle for independence. The mind thus early possessed of a bias for military glory unconsciously molded itself to the accomplishments requisite for such a profession, and the pursuits of the student evinced the secret purpose of the boy.

The interim from youth to manhood was passed between the acquisition of mathematical science, the perusal of popular and historical literature, and the habit of systematic and frequent writing, for which he had, with a natural aptitude, a ready and original mind. But ultimately disappointed in his early hopes, he turned his attention to the next favorite object of pursuit—the sublime science of agriculture. Holding in his right estates in the west, he wisely determined to superintend their cultivation in person, and to become an actor in the panorama of life and beauty which eastern eyes behold with wonder and delight. The Recollections of a Tour to his adopted home are among the latest papers of his life, and the frankness and cordiality every-where extended to him as a tourist and stranger seem to have impressed his mind more deeply than ever with the propriety of his choice.

His liberal education, a gentlemanly bearing, and a clear and intelligent pen, would, doubtless, in

maturer years, have adorned a profession which philosophers and statesmen have delighted to honor. But the Framers of a spirit frail to combat the real ills of life, and sensitive to their fancied approach, tenderly removed him from his birthright on earth, on which he was yet too young to enter, to the incorruptible inheritance of the heirs of God.

The character of this child of genius is worthy of analysis and study. Composed as it was of elements so directly opposite, you wondered what felicitous property of the mind had acted as a uniter and harmonizer of the whole. Shrinking and diffident as he really was, he possessed the loftiest independence of thought and action, and united to an almost feminine susceptibility of feeling an untiring industry and perseverance in all his pursuits. Mingling little in society, none better knew its masquerades, or quicker read the motives of the wearers there disguised. His own noble nature above the concert of treachery and that servility which pays for its friendships in proportion as they repay the purchase by influence and elevation, he sought no companionship that sought him not chiefly for his own sake. How worthy of all pity is the mind that sees in this unbartered integrity nothing but the genius of a morbid and misanthropic spirit!

Feeling with exquisite pain that his inner life, confused and tumultuous, but beautiful to himself, was never to be understood, he strove more and more to rouse himself to the realities of the world without, and to enter with zest into the active pursuits of life, which had little in common with his too sensitive nature. By what sacrifices he succeeded those only know who have lived like Cowper and Lamb, martyrs to the watchwords of the world—utility and gain.

At seventeen he was delicately but symmetrically proportioned, with a fine eye, features strongly marked, and a constitution as unfitted for toil as his mental frame-work was calculated for thought. Indeed, the manhood of the mind had left the boyhood of the body far behind, and, like a bird caged in its native woods, in sight of green fields and luxuriant trees, swayed freely by the wind which came in stinted measure to his iron gate, the soul catching a glimpse of the glory beyond, looked lovingly upon its immortality, and escaped forever. Under the softening of his last decline, the world of affection, which his own diffidence and reserve had concealed, was brought to a glorious light in the sunshine of love that triumphed at the last, but triumphed in prospect of the grave. Grievous to his father, who looked upon him as the youngest of his house and name, and the last of a lofty line; thrice grievous to the mother, who beheld in him, with prophetic eye, the restorer of her life and the prop of coming age, was the death of this only and beloved son; but a voice in the grief whispers the glorious words, "Inasmuch as he died young, he will abide in your memory and in the heart of his loved sister, a youth forever. Age can not wither

him; ever fair and ever young, his image and the idea of his life will sweetly creep into the study of your imagination."

AN HOUR WITH THE POETS.

BY MONTPELIER.

I AM a great Rambler. Nothing pleases me more than occasionally to take a tour over the hills and vales, through the woods and fields, and far away where the noise of men seldom intrudes, and where gray solitude reigns almost undisturbed. Now and then I take a ramble of the mind—a reverie, if you please, dear Editor, in which I pluck and trim into a bouquet some of the flowers and waifs of literature. I have just now before me a few little things tied up, which please me much, and which I have half a mind to give to yourself and readers. Will you be so kind as to take half a dozen? Here, first, is a brief, plaintive little piece of two stanzas, from the pen of that quaint and amiable poet of England, Barry Cornwall, called

A PETITION TO TIME.

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream;
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.
Touch us gently, Time!
We've no proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simpler things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unbounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime—
Touch us gently, gently, Time!"

Next I have a piece from the pen of Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Longfellow has the characteristic of addressing the moral nature through the imagination; in other words, the faculty of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty. His words are often pictures of his thought. He colors his style with the skill of a painter. But I forget. The lines before me are entitled

THE RAINY DAY.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the winds are never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the winds are never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Third, I have five stanzas from the pen of Lieut. G. W. Patten, of the United States army. They were written on the occasion of the death of the wife of a gentleman, an acquaintance of the author's:

DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"She died, as dies the beam of day,
Along a gem of cost;
Life's glorious ray—all quenched it lay,
Alas! the loved and lost.
She died, as died the passion-flower,
Transferred to climes of strife;
Nurtured in warm and genial bower,
Who could expect its life?
She died, as dies some softened turn
In music's dreamy strain;
The ear may list—the heart may yearn—
It ne'er comes back again.
She died, as dies eve's roseate light,
Far o'er the billows dim;
One look, and melting into night,
Her smile went down on him.
She died? No, no! though mortal eye
Might seem such change to see;
She can not die; in yonder sky
She lives, and lives for thee."

Are not these most tender and beautiful?

Here is another poem, of twenty-four lines, from the pen of Charles Sprague, of Boston, breathing a spirit of plaintive sadness, quite equal to the one just quoted. It is an account of a

DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.

"Return! alas! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore.
Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
No wife stood by her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessings when he died.
Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true;
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays;
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays.
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing wafers mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."

Could any but a man of the strongest domestic and social affections have ever written this? I think not.

Next comes a brief and beautiful sketch from the pen of James Gilborne Lyons, LL. D., author of a collection of most exquisite poems, known as Christian Songs. This is called

THE LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

"He envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.
He sighed not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines,

He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.

He walked on earth as wood-streams pass,
Unseen beneath the freshened grass;
His were pure thoughts and humble faith,
A blameless life and tranquil death.

He kept, in days of strife and wrath,
The Christian's straight and narrow path;
But weep thou not; we must not weep,
When they who rest in Jesus sleep."

I have seen the following piece in print quite a number of times, but often as I have seen it, as often have I read and been pleased with it. It is from a small collection of poems, entitled *Caprices*, published a short time since by the Messrs. Carter, of New York. It is a most graphic and thrilling portraiture of

A BLOOD-STAINED CONSCIENCE.

"Mold upon the ceiling,
Mold upon the floor,
Windows barred and double-barred,
Opening nevermore;
Spiders in the corners,
Spiders on the shelves,
Weaving frail and endless webs
Back upon themselves,
Weaving, ever weaving,
Weaving in the gloom,
Till the drooping drapery
Trails about the room.
Waken not the echo,
Nor the bat that clings
In the curious crevices
Of the panelings.
Waken not the echo,
It will haunt your ear,
Wall and ceiling whispering
Words you would not hear.
Hist! the specters gather,
Gather in the dark,
Where a breath hath brushed away
Dust from off a mark;
Dust of weary winters,
Dust of solemn years,
Dust that deepens in the silence,
As the minute wears.
On the shelf and wainscot,
Window-bars and wall,
Covering infinite crevices
With its stealthy fall.
Hist! the specters gather,
Break and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering,
Round that fearful stain;
Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red for evermore.
See, they pause and listen,
Where the bat that clings,
Stirs within the crevices
Of the panelings.
See, they pause and listen,
Listen through the air;
How the eager life has struggled
That was taken there;
See, they pause and listen,
Listen in the gloom;

For a startled breath is sighing,
Sighing through the room;
Sighing in the corners,
Sighing on the floor,
Sighing through the window-bars
That open nevermore.
Waken not those whispers;
They will pain your ears;
Waken not the dust that deepens
Through the solemn years—
Deepens in the silence,
Deepens in the dark;
Covering closer, as it gathers,
Many a fearful mark.
Hie! the specters gather,
Break and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering,
Round that fearful stain:
Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red for evermore."

The above, Mr. Editor, constitute my first effort at culling. Should they please you, may be, some day in the future, when idleness and I become friends, I will send you another bunch of flowers, which you may give to your readers, or trample under foot just as your wisdom dictates.

THAT LAST BIRTHNIGHT.

BY REV. JOHN SEYS.

It was a lovely evening in the middle of October, and, excepting the evergreens and a few other trees, scarcely a green leaf was to be seen. If variety in the color of costume is evidence of gayety, the forest was clad in its gayest dress. Leaves of every hue, crimson, red, pale and bright yellow, light and deep brown, all mingling together in the same clump of trees, gave a feature to the landscape of uncommon beauty. Fields of winter grain, yet of tender blade, like carpets of the most brilliant and unrivaled green, contrasted strangely but richly with the tall, sturdy oaks and locusts of the neighboring woods. It was a scene emblematic of human life; for as the eye rested on some beautiful tree decked out in all its glory, down dropped a leaf—a faded, withering, dying leaf, reminding most forcibly the contemplative mind, that man, too, must soon come down from his fancied glory—must soon meet the autumn of his short year on earth, and wilt and fall. The grain of the field, too, developing "first the blade," taught the lesson that while the forests were being stripped of their seared foliage by the winds of the waning year, another generation would spring up in all the verdure and freshness of a new existence, unconscious that soon, very soon, the deep, chilling snows of winter would lie heavy upon its bosom; so we fade and pass away, and others are born, and toil and suffer, and pass on, like their predecessors, to the house appointed for all the living.

It was the fourteenth of October, 1848, the anniversary of the birthday of one of the most devoted and exemplary members the Christian Church ever received within its pale. For twelve or fifteen years the practice had obtained among the relatives of that Christian lady, in connection with her pastor and his family, to assemble at her beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, to spend the evening in religious commemoration of the continued existence of their relation and friend, and to congratulate her on being spared to them yet another year.

On this occasion the family mansion at Wilder Cliff appeared, both without and within, to possess points of interest and attraction surpassing all former years. Additions and improvements to the house, grounds, and gardens, had been completed the season before, in keeping with the refined taste and intellectual piety of its inmates. The house—its structure—its external ornaments—chaste, unostentatious, plain, yet elegant—struck the beholder as being the home of minds and hearts of more than common stamp. But all this was forgotten as a matter of little note, when guest after guest, relative after relative, on arriving, was introduced, and approaching with becoming salutations and congratulations, met the welcome smile of the dignified, graceful, aged Mrs. Catherine Garrettsen, relict of Rev. Freeborn Garrettsen, well known in this country to every lover of Methodism. She was just then completing her ninety-sixth year!

So much of interest, deep, abiding, wondering interest, clings to the soul in contemplating that woman of God, whether *here* among his people, or *there* in heaven among the spirits of the just made perfect, that it is a matter requiring nerve and self-command to think, to speak, to write about her.

It was Mrs. Garrettsen's last birthday; but who knew it? A few very near relatives, such as Madame Livingston of Montgomery Place, and her accomplished daughter, Mrs. Barton, had spent the whole day with their revered sister and aunt, and as the evening shades were gathering around that spot so fondly cherished in the heart of the writer, a train of carriages, bearing numerous relations from among the Astors, the Livingstons, the Armstrongs, the Garrettsens, and others, identified with Rhinebeck and its vicinity, could be seen winding round the graveled avenue leading to the house, thus increasing the number of its honored guests.

It was the last time relatives and friends were to meet there for such a purpose. But yet none imagined the fact. Not for many years did that venerable old form seem, to human appearance, more likely to witness another and yet another birthday than on that evening. And yet what was it which drew together so many ministers on that occasion? A presentiment, and yet an unconscious presentiment, that before another fourteenth of October she whom we all loved and revered would be taken from us? Perhaps so.

Besides the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal

Church at Rhinebeck, the Rev. Jesse Hunt, who, during his whole term of service as presiding elder of that district, had lived within the bounds of that station, came from Rye with his lady to see and visit his old and much esteemed Christian friend. The Rev. Bartholomew Creagh, of New York, who had been twice the pastor of our mother in Israel, was there also. Rev. Phineas Rice, then presiding elder of the district, Rev. Mr. Bronson, one of the agents of the American Bible Society, and two or three others of God's ministers, were there.

It was an evening of sweet, social intercourse, of intellectual enjoyment, of spiritual profit. In the variety of methods by which the congratulations of relatives and friends were proffered there was much of interest and instruction. Some were wordless. Near and dear relatives, some young and fondly attached to that venerated old ancestor, where could words be found by them to express the wishes of the heart? A silent awe, accompanied by a fervor of manner not to be mistaken, spoke more than words, while the appropriate and becoming expressions of those of riper years, and especially the servants of God, told the birthday wish—a continuation of life, if it be the will of God—peace—holiness—happiness—heaven.

Refreshments suited to such entertainers as Mrs. Garrettsen and her daughter, and to such a company on an occasion of so much interest, being over, religious services were proposed. Arrangements were made. The members of the household being called from their domestic affairs, and seated in the room adjoining the one occupied by the ladies of the mansion and their guests, the announcement was made that all was ready. A burst of praise in an appropriate hymn went up from the entire company, and the Rev. Jesse Hunt engaged in prayer. It was the last prayer ever put up in public by that devoted servant of God. The very next day he sickened, and three weeks from that night—that Saturday night—at the passing away of the midnight hour, he entered upon an eternal Sabbath. It was a remarkable prayer, and it has been answered in a remarkable manner. Most specially was the Divine blessing invoked upon the aged proprietor of that dwelling, to spare her life to still greater age, if it were consistent with the will of God, but if the ensuing year were to be her last, to let her end be full of peace and joy in believing. And so it was. Nine months from that very evening her mortal remains were laid out in that very room, while the disembodied spirit had taken possession of another dwelling—"a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

An address followed. It was an impromptu, and very short. The main design was to present experimental religion in its most desirable aspect, and to invite the young to seek and to enjoy it. Amidst the many other blessings attendant on true piety, the promise, "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee my salvation," was urged upon the attention of all present, and they were reminded that it

is said of Wisdom, "Length of days is in her right hand." A striking illustration was present of the fulfillment of these portions of holy writ. Sixty years prior to that evening the Christian relative and friend, the anniversary of whose birth they were then celebrating, was "born of the Spirit," and God had prolonged her life and kept her for threescore years in the path that leads to heaven. It was an affecting time, and the address was followed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Rice.

But the last was the scene of the evening. It was at the time of the retiring of her friends. It was the unconscious farewell of the aged Christian matron to her relatives. It was this which touched every heart, and moistened every eye. They had congratulated. It was now her turn to counsel, to admonish, and O, what a scene was that, as the tall, erect figure of our beloved friend, speaking in her usual clear and distinct voice, and most appropriate terms, gave a word to each dear relative to love and serve God and prepare for heaven! It was her dying counsel—doubtless to some her last advice. It must be remembered by them. It can not be forgotten. And as on each successive fourteenth of October they think with feelings of a peculiar kind of her who is no more, remember her deep, pure, unaffected piety, her holy life, her exemplary character, may the fruit appear of that godly counsel given on the occasion of that last birthnight!

MY NATIVE HILLS.

BY REV. H. W. BRIDGE.

MORE than fifteen years had passed away since I left the scenes of my childhood. Being providentially laid aside from active pulpit and pastoral labor, I seized upon the opportunity of visiting, the place where I was born, and where I spent the purest and happiest of my days. It was in autumn, near the time of the so-called Indian summer. The leaves were dropping from the aged trees, and the sighing winds were humming the requiem of the wasting year. I knew that the old homestead would seem mournfully vacant; and though I might behold the same heavens above me, and trace the same noisy streamlet along down the hill-side, and perhaps pluck the delicious fruit from the same old trees in the orchard, yet the soul of the place would be wanting. The dear, familiar forms that used, in olden times, to greet me had vanished, and their names were written among the graves. Nevertheless, I longed to see that sacred place once more, if for nothing else, to confirm there, by voluntary act, the consecration my parents had early made of me to God and his Church.

Starting from S., with a good Yankee horse and buggy, we took an ascending route along the banks of the Connecticut, and the roads being smooth and but gently graded, we measured, ere nightfall, about fifty miles. Less than ten miles

additional would have carried us to the place of our destination; but our horse was jaded, and we ourselves were somewhat wearied; so we concluded to bear away to the right, pass a few miles up a deep ravine, and spend the night with an old friend who resided there. Thirty minutes, or more, found us in the midst of smiling faces and hearty congratulations; and by half-past nine o'clock we were snugly stowed away for the night. Before we advance any further, while my companion is under the influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer," and Pompey is recruiting his flagging energies in a comfortable stable, I will give the reader a bird's-eye view of the scenery around my father's cottage.

The house itself is situated on the western slope of an oblong mountain, technically called "the old Crag." At the southern extremity of this mountain there is a sudden break in the arrangement of nature. The land rises several hundred feet perpendicularly, and presents a very craggy form. The upward prospect from the base is wild and startling. Like some terrible giant, the mountain sends down a menacing look, a savage frown, and seems really to threaten to let loose upon the beholder a swinging block of granite, which for ages has hung in that position, we know not how. One instinctively shrinks back as he approaches the spot, reminded of the celebrated couplet of Alexander Pope:

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if thou go by?"

The view from the summit is enrapturing. On the west, deep in the valley, roll the placid waters of the old Connecticut, which goes winding its way through verdant lands and fertile meadows, crooking hither and thither in its course, like the serpent, as he threads his lightning way in the thicket. Farther still in the west rise, in gentle and easy gradations, the Green Mountains—their tops in some places penetrating the clouds. On the north is extended another battlement of hills, which stretch around to the north-east, forming an immense and beautiful amphitheater. In the latter direction, also, towers up the everlasting Monadnock. It is one of Nature's grandest monuments, and a far fitter place from which to court the Muses than old Parnassus. In running over this landscape, the eye rests upon scores of bustling villages, rural farms, and meeting-houses, with their beautiful spires pointing upward to the God to whom they are dedicated. And as one gazes upon this picture of life, he can not prevent his thoughts from running back along the line a century and a half, to the time when the space around echoed with the scream of the catamount, the howl of the wolf, and the yell of the Indian savage. How great the contrast! how ameliorating, molding, transforming, are the influences of civilization and Christianity!

The morning came—not a clear one, but a comfortable autumnal morning. We concluded to finish our ramble on foot. The sun could be seen, though a sort of mist obstructed the usual intensity of his

rays. The ground was strewn with frost-bitten foliage; the farmers were gathering in the rich harvests of corn and fruits, and so were the roguish squirrels! The autumnal songsters were tuning their merry notes, and every thing around invited to joy and shouting. Quickening our pace, we hastened up the east side of the old Crag, eager to get the first view of our early home. So ardent was I, that I ventured many a stumble from the loose stones giving away beneath my feet, and not a few scratches from the mountain brambles. Heedless of these, I almost forgot, too, that I was yet weak from recent sickness, till reminded of the fact by my trembling limbs and the space betwixt myself and my companion, who, in the buoyancy of health and spirits, had already gained the summit. Soon I was by his side. The scenery which I have described was all before us; but we heeded it not, for our minds were absorbed in another subject.

There, in plain sight, stood the very old house which my father constructed, and the somewhat dilapidated barn beside it. Gray, indeed, with age, but how natural! From that I gazed around. Near by was the cottage of an old Revolutionary pensioner. How often had I stood before him, my young heart beating with patriotism, as he "shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won!" On a knoll, but a short distance from the old house, stood the remains of a huge chestnut-tree, which seventeen years before was struck by lightning. The terrific scene was again before me, and I rushed trembling and pale with fear to my mother's embrace, to ask if God was angry, and if the thunder would do so again! There, too, lay the same old naked rock on which I had basked away many a childish hour, revolving in my tiny mind a thousand fancies as I gazed upon the surrounding landscape, and saw, what then seemed real, the boundary of the earth where the tops of the distant mountains met the blue sky! But what a crowd of recollections came rushing to mind, when we descended and crossed the threshold whence first we came to salute this world! A mother's watch-care, a father's toils, a sister's gentle love, the old-fashioned family Bible that used to lie on the stand, the morning and evening prayer, and a hundred other incidents, served to set all the young emotions to flowing again through my imagination, and I lived my whole life over in less than an hour. Nothing was lacking, save my former innocence and the forms of the loved ones. Where are they? involuntarily I exclaimed; but echo only answered, where? A shade of melancholy came over me. I could eat but a morsel of the repast that was spread before us; and after a few moments of solemn prayer, we again crossed the old Crag, perhaps forever. So it is.

"The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream!"

I felt to thank God that I was born on that rural

spot; that my spirit received its first tone, and my life took its first coloring, from such objects as surrounded my father's cottage. Had I been born in a city, where my attention would always have been attracted by a succession of outward objects, my mind *might* have got the habit of always flying to the surface, and I *might* have been, like too many in such circumstances, a saucy boy, an impudent young man, and a vicious, abandoned character. I say, I *might* have been this; but I can not tell. One thing is certain: I love the country. O who does not love the country! especially that portion broken by hills and mountains. But of all the mountains and hills in the world, none are like those around my early home.

A MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. WILLIAM J. THOMPSON.

WHILE sitting silent, absorbed in thought, and almost overwhelmed with sorrow, on account of the death of my second and only daughter, and while waiting for the coffin to deposit her remains, the following thoughts occurred, as though some angel whispered to my heart, and bade me write them. I penned them down, and tried to express them in such words as I had at command.

It has been common for earthly monarchs and nobles to have their daughters espoused to distant lords or men of high renown, from whom they often received visits and presents in token of their love, but still remained at home till time most suitable arrived for separation from their friends and father's home, to dwell with their espoused bridegroom. Pomp and honors crowned the nuptial rites, and all were joyful. But on the second day the infair brought the bride to her desired home, and put her in possession of the wealth of kings. With all the lords of earth this day I vie in honor; my daughter is wedded to the King of kings. A few years past the Prince of heaven wooed my youthful Sarah. She fell in love with him, and consented to a union. She had his kind embraces, tokens of his love, and frequent visits to her Father's house. He did not take her home to dwell with him till proper time for trial, to secure her loyalty. On yesterday, at noon, her short probation ended. She gave her full consent to leave her all below, and go and be forever with her love. The rites were solemnized, and ratified in heaven; angels rejoiced. His heavenly embrace transported and inspired her soul. In heavenly vision she bade her friends adieu. With love's embraces, holy kisses, and exhortations to religion, she said she was going to heaven. She took her exit with, "Glory! glory! glory!" flowing from her tongue, till articulation failed, and life's slow wheels stood still—her spirit went above. This day her infair brings us to her tomb, where Jesus has appointed her remains to rest, till he shall come again to take her body home, renewed,

refined, and blooming in immortal youth, to join her happy spirit in his kingdom that shall have no end.

"I WALK LIFE'S DREARY PATH ALONE."

BY H. DE GROVE.

I WALK life's dreary path alone,
Where all is vast and still;
No echo answers to my moan,
No heart responds each thrill;
While yet above, the stars of love
Look kindly on the sea;
And waves repeat, in murmurs sweet,
An endless harmony.
Yon moon that tracks the pathless sky,
So silent, sad, and lone,
I watch with anxious, tearful eye,
So like its course mine own.
Yet seas will ebb and flow again
Beneath her guiding ray,
And hearts o'erflow with warmer glow,
Ere comes the light of day.
My heart by song alone unbound,
From earth's enchantments free,
Floats mingling with glad spirits round,
In blissful unity.
O, could that strain but live again,
The echo notes of heaven,
That hush to rest the moaning breast,
By sin and sorrow riven!

WHEN MY EARTHLY TOILS ARE DONE.

BY HORUS.

WHEN my earthly toils are done,
And my limbs aweary be—
When my life its course hath run,
Father, take me home to thee.
If distress and gnawing care
Waste away my rolling years—
If afflictions hard to bear
Bathe my longing eyes in tears;
Though but dust, I humbly bow,
Trusting, hoping still in thee,
Knowing, in the future, thou
Wilt the same kind Father be.
I ask not, Father, for repose,
While on earth my stay shall be;
But, as gently comes its close,
Take, O take me home to thee!

TEARS yet are ours whene'er misfortunes press,
And, though our weeping fails to give redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
Those bitter drops will flow from sorrow's spring.

DYING HOURS OF PROFESSOR CALDWELL.

BY REV. G. F. COX.

I KNEW Caldwell well. I knew him when a student of Bowdoin College. He frequently called at my house in those days. He was then a diffident young man, scarcely able to look one in the face, till he had become well acquainted with the individual. I knew him after this; was frequently associated with him in an educational interest which was then struggling for life. I knew him till the heavy pall of death had placed its seal upon him, and saw him upon his dying couch. There we conversed with him; heard from his own mouth what he hoped for in the future. We not only knew, but *loved* him. I propose making a few remarks respecting this dear brother, and particularly of his dying moments, trusting they may prove of some interest to quite a circle of the readers of your truly-excellent work, the Ladies' Repository. I do it, also, from a request, which I judge will be better answered in this, rather than in any other way.

Merritt Caldwell was born in Oxford, state of Maine, November 29, 1806. At his death, June, 1848, two years since, he was in the forty-second year of his age. His early years were passed amid the scenery that surrounded his rural and quiet home; receiving from that scenery, and especially from parental watchfulness and exemplary Christian conduct, what God has designed every child shall receive—lessons of highest goodness to man, and respect and reverence for God. That early, quiet, and yet industrious home, gave a large quota in the formation of his character in maturer years. The hill-side and mountain scenery; the depth of the wild forest that was outspread before him, from some of those eminences that lay around him in early years; and especially the eminent example of piety which he saw daily before his eyes in a *mother*, whose many excellences were as the sunlight upon her household; these were among the chosen instruments of God by which to make Caldwell what he was in intellectual, as well as moral worth; for intellect here, doubtless, as well as moral worth, received a prompting which it had not had but for these circumstances. Mr. Caldwell, too, had before him constantly the image of an *elder brother*—Rev. Zenas Caldwell, long since gone to his reward, and from whom he received some of his classical and moral training, prior to his entering college. That brother's image was like a golden light to him always, till his character was formed; for Zenas Caldwell, whom we personally knew and loved, was high among the brighter luminaries that adorn the darkness of life.

Mr. Caldwell experienced religion at the age of seventeen, and at a time when there was no especial religious interest in the community around him; and, as I once heard him say in a religious meeting, while exhorting the students around him, under

his care, that it was to him the *last opportunity* for heaven. Though young, he judged it the last call of grace to him; and that, having had so many privileges, had he not then and there gone forward for prayers, he had never known the pardoning love of God. If this judgment were just, how very near did young Caldwell come of missing his way to heaven! How changed would have been his death-bed scene! How different the character in the estimate of both heaven and earth! But as his after life showed that he did not falter when the crisis came, so here; he did not confer with flesh and blood, but believing that that was the hour of destiny with him, he fled to Christ as the only ground of hope to man. He sought and found; and from that moment, it is believed, he never drew back one hour from his vows to God. He lived an ornament to the high profession of the Christian religion, and a blessing to himself, his friends, and the world.

He entered Bowdoin College, Maine, September, 1825, at the age of nineteen years; and graduated September, 1828, passing the temptations of a college life without a spot upon his high profession as a Christian, and without marring in the least those nicer shades of character, which seem allowable among most students in college life. At the close of his graduating year, he was chosen Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, located at Readfield. In this institution he commenced his career of manhood, of a Christian scholar, and a teacher of science. They were among his palmy days, when a bright sun was constantly shining on his path. I was with him in some of those days; stood beside him for some year and a half, and well knew the estimate in which he was held by all that formed his acquaintance. He was not only highly respected, but greatly beloved by not only the students and patrons of the then young and growing institution, but by ALL with whom it was his lot to be associated. During his residence at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, he established a reputation for high scholarship, for success in teaching, and for ability and prudence in conducting the affairs of a literary institution of the first order.

The reputation that he acquired here laid commands on him from abroad. He was, therefore, after some six years spent at Readfield—spent happily in the bosom of friends—called to the Senior Professorship and Vice-Presidency of Dickinson College, located at Carlisle, Penn. He accepted the trust from a conviction that it was a call of Providence. During his stay at this ancient and highly-honored institution—a period of some fourteen years—he won for himself the name of the devout Christian, the good scholar, a remarkable ability to govern the wayward, and, in all the enterprises of the day, a friend to his race. Many a student will bless his memory, on account of his having been instrumental, in the hands of God, of turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. Many a friend of the cause of temperance,

may, as we doubt not, the intemperate himself, will bless his memory for his great activity and success in this department of Christian enterprise. Some have supposed that his activity in the cause of temperance laid the foundations for his premature death. After the fatigue of his college duties, he would sally out some ten or more miles, and lecture upon this subject, and return the same evening, late at night. It was after such an excursion that the integrity of his lungs gave way, and he was attacked with hemorrhage. The Pennsylvania State Temperance Society sent him to London, for his distinguished services in this cause, as a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention.

But Professor Caldwell is among the dead. His *spirit* is this moment among the living. He has seen the bright image of his heavenly Father's face. He heeds not what is passing in time; and yet he must value every thing, however minute or trifling, if it were an instrument in bringing him to the glorious abode, where now he rests,

"Bright shining as the sun."

He values the *thorn* even, that jogged him from his slumbers, and made him to quicken his pace heavenward. He values the humming-bird that made him to think of God. So of the beautiful flowers, or the home of his childhood. He delights in the remembrance of parental counsel that pointed him, with a trembling hand and weeping eye, yet with unfaltering faith, to the heaven which he has now reached in safety. Every circumstance in life becomes big with an untold interest, because that every work, every word, every *look* even, every silent prayer, told for good or for ill upon his now blest estate. And if *others* have contributed to his blessedness or woe, even in minor matters, so does *his* life—so has his life upon all with whom that life was associated; not a student who may read these lines, not a friend, not a man to whom he was known, but has received, *has borrowed* something from the then living, but now dead one, that is telling, with more or less power, upon his present and future being.

"How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!"

But pleasant as would be a more minute detail of the deceased Caldwell, it is not meet that we should now trace it.

A few weeks prior to his death, he left his college duties, and returned to Portland, Me., with a thousand misgivings as to what might be the result, yet with a cheerful hope that his native air, and increased medical skill, might restore him to health again. But in a very few days his countenance told, as did his lips tell me personally, that he was making up his mind for the alternative. Death, he said, was in pursuit of him; and soon, he thought, some vulnerable point would be found in the system, where the integrity of life must give way, and he sink into the grave. It was a

trying moment to Caldwell. We looked at his eye when he uttered this sentence. It was the very moment when his mind was coming to that alternative. It required all his self-possession to command his feelings at this moment. He wept, and his voice was tremulous. Those whom he loved were with him. The dearest on earth were there; but dearer still, if possible, there was fading the hope that he might still be, in the hands of God, of some use to his fellow-creatures, and a means in the world of promoting the divine glory. He was stepping down the bough of hope, and turning his eye away, for the last time, from a still loftier bough, which he saw was not to be gained.

The "vulnerable point" was soon found—much sooner than either he or any of us expected. But decay and death found him upon the alert for his future interests. "I have always tried to live," he said, "so as to be ready for death at any time." And this was the state of his business transactions. We think it scarcely less so of his soul. Yet he wanted—as does every good man, though not always granted to them—he wanted a moment for re-examination. He wanted to know that *all* was right *now*—right for the shadows of death—right for the Judge of all—right for glory. He wanted to *test*, as it were, the strength of his armor in the shades of death. He wished to smite the waters of Jordan, to see if, indeed, its waters would divide, before he ascended in the chariot of life.

But I think he seemed to himself—and surely he did to others—well prepared for the serious change that awaited him. And thus he stood, looking steadily at the grave without a hope—without a ray of hope of ever recovering; but he stood firm. He *felt* that he rested in Christ, and that it would be well with him. Yet, a short time before his death, the question broke upon him, as by an unseen voice, to try, doubtless, his faith a little farther, "Have I, indeed, *fully* put my trust in Christ? I seem," said he, "to have lived too exclusively by faith." And he expressed a wish for a new baptism of the Spirit—a closer view—more glorious manifestations. Soon this baptism came, and his soul seemed filled with the love of God. Heaven drew nearer to him; Christ seemed nearer—his name sweeter. He dwelt upon that name; repeated it oftener. It was now the talisman to his soul that kept away the gloom of the grave, and gave to heaven *all* its attractions. "It will be enough," he said to me the day before he died, "if I get to *heaven*, and *see Jesus*." I had just said to him, that he would soon meet there a brother beloved, patriarchs and prophets, and, above all, *Christ*. But dear as was that brother to his heart, he seemed scarcely to heed the thought. It was *enough* could he see *Jesus*. All natural ties seemed lost amid the stronger and purer spiritual ties that bound him to the Redeemer of his soul. For some time prior to his death, he would occasionally break out in accents of praise to God: "Glory to God!" "Glory to God in the highest!" "Glory to Jesus!"

These expressions he would repeat with an emphasis and power known to but few, except to the dying. About two hours before death, a scene came on of absorbing interest. He cast his eyes toward his hands, and said to his mother, with a sweet expression of the countenance, "Mother, the crisis is at hand." Afterward, when a mortal pang seized him, he remarked, "This is no ordinary pain," and requested his wife to be called. As she entered the room, he reached his hand to her, and gave her a parting salutation. Seeing his little daughter, he said, "Let the little creature come and kiss me." He then remained silent a short time, with extreme suffering; but soon said, "My trust is in God: that is the amount of it." After a short pause, "The will of the Lord be done;" and again, very audibly, "Through Christ who strengtheneth me."

One trial more awaited him. He must *taste*, at least, of the cup of his dying Lord. All had been bright and cheerful heretofore; but now the cloud must be *seen* in the distance which Christ *felt*, when he exclaimed, "Why hast thou forsaken me!" Suddenly, with an expression of deep anxiety, he said, "Mother, pray for me that my faith fail not—that I may not be overcome by temptation." The family united in earnest prayer; and as strong supplications went up in the darkness of death, he responded with great fervor; and at the mention of the name of *Jesus*, he would repeat it again and again, saying, "*Jesus is my trust!*" When prayer was ended, he said to those who were watching, with intense solicitude, his last moments, "I seem to have lost my landmarks." And again he struggled mightily in prayer, like one contending for the last victory, repeating and resting upon his only hope—the name of *Jesus*. He looked to that name as the only star in the midst of a midnight gloom. The family again knelt in prayer by his bedside, till suddenly victory came, and broke forth from the dying man as though he stood upon the suburbs of heaven. "Glory to God!" he shouted, "glory to God! I shall be saved! Glory to God! *I shall live in heaven!* Why was it that I was left? All was dark, and I began to fear I should die a sad specimen of a Christian." His mother replied, "It was permitted for a trial of your faith; but you will come forth as gold. God will not forsake his children." He replied with great emphasis, "But *what* if I had not been a Christian?"

But Death was now doing his last work—the dark vail was in a few moments to hide him from mortality; but not till he had a brighter view of heaven. In a few minutes he raised his head, and, waving his right hand, already cold in death, he shouted, "Glory to God! glory to God! glory to God! glory to Jesus! he is my trust! he is my strength! Glory to Jesus! Mourn not for me! Jesus lives—I shall live also! I shall be saved! Glory to God! Glory to Jesus! glory to Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

'Jesus the name that charms our fears—
That bids our sorrows cease!'

Jesus is my life! Jesus! Glory to Jesus!" Feebly, now taking the hand of Mrs. Caldwell, his wife, he said, "Farewell, my dear wife. Glory to Jesus! Jesus my life! Jesus my trust! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! J-e-s-u-s!" And Jesus was the last whisper caught from his dying lips.

Thus terminated the mortal career of this truly-useful man. He lived an ornament to his race, and died a cheering and bright example of the power of divine grace. What can not grace do for man? What did it not do for Merritt Caldwell? It found him a fallen being; it made him a happy and useful man in life, gave him triumph in death, and placed him in heaven, a joint-heir with Christ—an inheritor of eternal life. Would that our world had more such men as was Merritt Caldwell!

THE NECESSITY OF ACTION.

BY REV. CHARLES A. HOLMES, A. M.

IN this his probationary state, the Christian is compelled to wage a continual warfare for the maintenance of his position. Every step of his existence is through a territory beset with enemies. Made free to stand, yet free to fall, at no moment is he exempt from liability to temptation; for his own nature, impaired and corrupted by the first transgression, is his own most dangerous foe. The affections of his heart remain no longer true than while controlled by the grace of Christ. The powers of his soul stand firmly at their post of duty only when commingled with the sympathies of Heaven, and directed by the present influences of the Spirit of God. For there exists no feeling or passion in the human breast—it matters not how harmless and inoffensive it may appear—which, under favorable circumstances, would not betray its possessor, admit corruption and treason into the heart—the very citadel of his strength and integrity—blight, by its poisonous breath, the fairest and the loveliest buddings of morality, and overshadow, with its withering shade, the brilliancy and bloom of innocence itself. The world is ever ready to allure him to the pursuit of forbidden pleasures, and the practice of forbidden rites. Affliction and sorrow may trouble him in ten thousand ways, and overcast his brightest hours, and pall his most enchanting prospect with the blackness of their sickening influence.

Think you not, reader, that his must be an active life, who, amid so many and so insidious foes, preserves unbroken his fidelity to God, and still, uninfluenced by surrounding circumstances, pursues the even tenor of his way? Think you that he has time and opportunity for ease and soft repose, upon whom so many and so weighty responsibilities are devolved? He knows no cessation from labor here, he heeds no opposition, he ceases not because of difficulties in his way, till he hears his leader call, "It is enough for thee; come up higher."

THE HOME OF THE PILGRIM.

BY REV. M. A. HESTER.

The writer of the following has since gone to his eternal reward.—Ed.

FAR from his father's house, in distant lands, a wanderer plods his weary way. In boyhood's wild and halcyon hours he left those native hearth-stones. Wild, feverish dreams have led him on. The word farewell no longer trembles in his ear. "My son, good-by," in his delusive visions, is forgotten. The tear a mother shed at parting thrills him not. He hurries on. From clime to clime he follows Fame's false glare. Over many a burning sand his feet have trod, climbed many a dizzy height, and often with rapture hath his anxious eye gazed on the sculptured rock or time-defying pyramid of other lands. But see! He stops; a shadow comes across his brow. Outspread in loveliness, before him lies a little lake; and on the margin of that silvery water, a child—a sprightly little boy, with his rose-cheeked sister, floats his tiny bark. Near by, and sweetly embowered with trees and shrubs, stands a lovely cottage. The changing column of smoke slowly ascends. The setting sun, with his rich streaming rays, hallows and sweetens the scene. It is time for thought. The traveler pauses. Memory begins to fan his bosom; the smothered flame of feeling begins again to burn; the tear trembles in his eye; the long-neglected, little bundle of parting gifts and speaking mementos he unclaspeth once more; and first that meets his vision is a lock of golden hair that Lucy, loving Lucy, gave him, as she sighed, "Farewell, my brother." He picks up the sacred token, and presses it fondly to his lips. Again he looks, and his eye rests upon a book—a blessed book—whose warning voice long had he refused to heed. He lifts it from its resting-place of years, tremblingly opens the sacred volume, and, on the first blank page, observes a hand familiar to his boyhood—"Read this, William, if but for thy mother's sake." His eye is fixed upon it with an eager gaze. "It is my mother speaks. Boy, hast thou a mother? I know thou hast—I see her smiling from yon cottage-door, and calling thee. I once had a mother, too. But O!—and yet who knows but she is still alive, and praying for her son's return?" He looks no more—it is enough. He turns—I see him start—light flashes from his eye—away he moves. His dreams of fame are all forgotten; he hastens where he may embark. The ship is mounted; the sails spread; the ocean crossed; distance annihilated by his hurried tread. Even now I see him as he nears the opening where his father's farm-house stands. His heart beats high, his trembling knees grow firmer, more eager his gaze, and more quick his step. The goal of his hopes heaves in view; the lake where his childhood sported, the silvery stream winding through the meadows, the orchard, and his father's cottage,

appear in the dim distance. The rapture of that view is almost too much for his feeble frame. But still he presses on. And as he hastens down the narrow lane, a wild ecstasy lights up his eye; his hands are clasped; his brow radiant with hope. Already has he flown through the little gate that swung half open as if to receive him, the latch is raised, and the astonished father, the rejoicing mother, the affectionate sister, and wandering son, are all clasped in each other's warm embrace at home. But O that home! how changed! It is not the home of his boyhood. Time has been there with his sythe. That father is not the image that came round him in the dreams of his wanderings. The frost of wintry age is on those locks. That mother is a faded picture. Her voice trembles as she speaks once more, "My son, my son, my long-lost William, is it you?" Her roses have given place to wrinkles. And Lucy—O she is not the fairy form that flitted round his distant pathway, or helped, in childhood's guileless hour, to float that little bark. The cares of womanhood are on her brow. And those—the joyous ones he frolicked with in youth—he seeks, but O, he seeks in vain!

But much as the heart of the wanderer in this world yearns for its home, and the friends of its home, it still longs for a nobler inheritance. Reason speculates of a fairer clime, revelation reveals, and faith views it. It is not the Elysium of mythology nor the world ideal of poetry. It is more, ineffably more, than these. It is the Christian's heaven. And O a home there! *a home in heaven!* Who can portray its loveliness! who daguerreotype its charms! Give wings to Imagination, and, as it mounts upward, bid it explore creation, search all height, all depth, all breadth, and from the richest hues that sparkle in the vast domains of God omnipotent cull the fairest, from the purest notes the sweetest, and with those colors picture forth, with an archangel's skill, that glorious "better land," and cluster round it those rich tones of melody, and dream this a miniature of the soul's abode: one glimpse from that which lies beyond life's curtain, one sweet strain, soft stealing downward from that pure realm of bliss, and this would seem "a very mockery"—"the baseless fabric of a vision."

"Jerusalem! my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;

Soon shall my labors have an end,

Soon I thy joys shall see."

LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

BEAUTIFULLY has Alison, the English essayist, characterized autumn as the eventide of the year. We love, then, to look out upon the variegated foliage, to hear the squirrel rustling amid the almost leafless branches, to see the frost biting the green fields, and to feel the keen, bracing atmosphere as it strikes into our face, making us remember that colder days are coming, and that warmer garments will be required for the defense of our bodies.

OUR CHARACTER.

BY J. LAGRANGE M'KOWN.

DANIEL WEBSTER says, that nothing of character is permanent but virtue and personal worth. It has been the fate or fortune of the leading spirits of all ages to illustrate this truth. Genius may create for its possessor forms of life and beauty; but, dispossessed of these, what is life but death, and beauty but decay! Ambition may crown her votaries, and win for them a name; but her crowns are crowns of thorns, and the name she gives is but the passing tribute of an hour. In a word, take from mankind virtue, and you rob man of his title to immortality. Without this, all joys are sorrows, all affection is lust, and eternal life is an eternal death. But even here the immortality of the Pharaohs and Sauls, of the Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Bonapartes that have existed, is certainly no very enviable immortality; while that of the Davids and Jonathans, of the Washingtons and Lafayettes, that have blessed the world, is worthy the admiration and emulation of all men.

Any thing of virtue and personal worth in man is lovely, and tends to excite within his fellow feelings akin to reverence. In such a character as Napoleon, with what avidity we seize upon any thing that seems to evidence the remains of humanity and the belief in a hereafter! As, for example, when upon the field of Aspern, forgetful alike of the roar of battle and the defeat of his army, he bends over the dying Lannes, and, weeping like a child, he begs him not to die; or when, upon another occasion, he exclaimed to the dying Durock, "Durock, we shall meet again!" What an episode in the history of our own Washington was that, when, just before battle, we see him retire to the covert, and, upon his knees, invoke the aid of the God of battle! Many of his actions, which the world at present call great, may be forgotten, and history may cease to make record of them; but so long as our language continues such, and men continue to speak it, will this to his honor be told of him.

But this truth is no less such in reference to literary reputation. Bunyan, whether loosing his burden at the Cross, or laboring up the hill Difficulty—whether in the valley of Humiliation or upon the delectable Mountains—whether in his progress through the valley of the Shadow of Death, or in his entrance to the Celestial City—in all his wanderings, has won for himself an immortality which shall endure, when many of his more honored but less virtuous contemporaries shall have long been forgotten. Who can tell what might have been the enviable immortality of Byron, had "his poison-fed genius" been nourished upon the bread of life! Shelly, too—honest, high-minded, self-sacrificing, but too sensitive and indignant Shelly! "with a pulse of fire and a mind of light"—had he received discriminate and loving

care in the cultivation of his powers, might have lived to sing, and lived to bless mankind.

But while these suns have set in darkness, others, though long since set, continue to shine, lighting humanity in its passage to the skies: one of which—Montgomery—though less brilliant, will continue to shed a hallowing radiance while Christians sing and Christians pray. Yet this is not all. Beyond the tomb the one will continue set in darkness, and the other to shine in brightness, while thought shall last and immortality endure.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BY MONCURE CONWAY.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, known under the name of the Corn-Law Rhymers, sang anthems that will rouse the soul of every freeman that breathes. Who has not been stirred in his inmost being by the grandeur which sounds in the organ notes of "The People's Anthem?" It reminds us of some grand overture of one of the old composers. We think we can detect something akin to Pleyel's Hymn, or some other grand thought of that great man. Let us recite it here; it can not be too often repeated:

"When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they!
Let them not pass like weeds away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save the people!
Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say thy mountains; 'No,' thy skies:
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.'
God save the people!
When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the people!"

Ebenezer Elliott's poetry did not consist in expression—far from it. His greatness as a poet is, and ever will be, in the rapt abandon with which his mind and soul grasps an idea, and pursues and urges it above all else. He was just the man to be the poet of a revolution, if one there was to be; and in all history there has never been one without a bard. We rarely come across a remarkable apprehension of the beauties of nature, or even of sentiment; so rarely do we find a gem of the sort, that we quote the following lines:

"We watched him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadowed hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.

The brother of two sisters
 Drew painfully his breath:
 A strange fear had come o'er him,
 For love was strong in death.
 The fire of fatal fever
 Burned darkly on his cheek,
 And often to his mother
 He spoke, or tried to speak,
 Love strong in death."

As was said so truly of Sterne's stories of Maria and Le Fevre, that they would enhance his fame so long as pity had a claim on the heart of humanity, so may it now be said of the Corn-Law Rhymer, that he will live to be loved so long as philanthropy and love live. He has gone, but still has

"Left some traces in the hearts of men
 That he has lived."

The people living under the light of truth are rarely ungrateful to their best friends; they will ever cherish the memories of their Washingtons, their Howards, as they will their Elliots. We need not be fearful that they will die from the people for whom they have interceded, or that their "good will be interred with their bones."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. W. GORDON.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 Twin sister of the right,
 Thy image floats before me—
 A dream of love and light;
 And when life's blisses vanish,
 And smiles give place to tears,
 Thy smile each grief can banish,
 And bless my failing years.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 Thy path is in the light
 That paints the west with glory,
 Ere comes the solemn night;
 And when the stars lie sleeping,
 In beauty on the sky,
 Thy gentle eye is keeping
 Kind watch o'er them on high.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 The lily and the rose,
 The modest pink and violet,
 Thy gentleness disclose;
 'Tis thine in love to linger
 In every blooming bower,
 And paint, with fairy finger,
 Each love-disporting flower.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 Night's dew-drop on the rose,
 With the pale moonbeam sleeping
 On it in bright repose,
 As God's forgiveness brightly
 Lies on the humble heart,
 Comes down to teach us nightly
 How beautiful thou art.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 Ideal of my youth,
 Companion of my sorrows,
 My friend of stainless truth—
 By all the world forsaken,
 I'd turn away to thee,
 And, with a trust unshaken,
 Launch out on life's rough sea.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 The human heart alone
 Was formed to be thy dwelling—
 Thy temple-girded throne;
 And ever in its power,
 Thy smile falls on the true,
 Like dew-drops on the flower,
 Or starlight on the dew.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
 Our Eden yet to be,
 Lies on the soul in brightness,
 Like sunset on the sea:
 O, sure to nerve the spirit
 Thy image bright was given,
 That we might strive to merit
 Thy perfect self in heaven!

THE MARINER OF LIFE.

BY M. Y. PARRISON.

The mariner on a stormy sea,
 As homeward he is steering,
 Hails, on the beach, far, far away,
 The "beacon-light" so cheering.

It lights the waves "far out at sea;"
 The finny tribes are playing
 Upon the surface, glad and free,
 And all looks bright and cheering.

Now, guided by that beacon-light,
 The port he fast is nearing,
 And soon shall greet, with fond delight,
 His home and scenes endearing.

My bark is out on life's rough sea,
 And storms its sails are rending;
 Yet Hope, the beacon-light to me,
 Is on my pathway streaming.

Now high upon some mountain wave,
 In lofty grandeur sailing;
 Then dashed beneath the briny surge,
 Where stormy winds are wailing.

But still the beacon-light I hail,
 Bright gleaming o'er life's ocean;
 In vain shall sad despair distill
 Its dews upon my bosom.

Though cast upon the waves afar,
 Where storms and shipwrecks threaten,
 Yet, guided by that holy star,
 I soon shall gain the haven.

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NOVEMBER, 1850.

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

HAD we any advice to give to friends just uniting themselves in marriage, it would be this—begin the first day of married life with prayer. No excuse, however formidable, can atone for the omission of this duty. No defect of gifts or of speech can come in as an apology for rising in the morning and retiring at night without giving thanks to God for his preserving care. Various, indeed, and futile as various, are the excuses made by different persons, members of the Church, for neglecting family worship. "There are but two of us," says some young husband, "and I see no need of erecting the social altar now." "And we," adds the wife, "can read and pray in secret, which will do quite as well as to pray in the hearing of each other." Time rolls on, and friends, visitors, domestics, and children, are added to that family; but is the husband as ready now as he thought he should be to commence family worship? There is something awful and daring in the spirit of those who enter the precincts of marriage without the desire or the determination of maintaining daily family prayer. They have concluded, unconsciously may be, but virtually, to isolate themselves from God. They have resolved on acting independently of heaven, and have commenced their new existence just as though there was no God and no future being. "Alas," says Mountford, "for that home in which the highest theme of the husband's discourse is the last acute bargain which he made in business; or the levity, coarse, perhaps, as well as trifling, which he last heard at some place of amusement. Alas for that home in which the wife, on opening her heart, discloses no traces of any nobler feelings than such as the larder or the laundry might suggest! Alas for her who establishes no higher claims on her husband's regards than mere fidelity to his person, and frugality and order in his house!"

Reader, pious and newly married, consecrate your home to God as the first step of your new life. Husband and wife, kneel side by side in penitential prayer, nor live one day without acknowledging the hand of your heavenly Father. A prayerless home is a home of sorrow. Bright skies may beam at first over you, and beauteous sunlight may flash around you, but neither can last long. The days of darkness will come. The hour of trial will be fraught with bitterest anguish, unless God be your supporter, and unless, in humble confidence, falling at the feet of Jesus, you can tell him all your griefs and woes. Cling, then, close to God. Make him your friend, and he will befriend you forever. How touching the language of a wife to her husband when both were led to the stake for their faith: "Dear husband, our marriage has hitherto been but an engagement. This is our true wedding-day, when, after this torment, the Son of God will unite us for eternity."

CONTENTMENT WITH LITTLE.

REV. WILLIAM JAY, of Argyle Chapel, Bath, England, is one of the oldest and most eloquent of all the dissenting ministers of the British kingdom. His Morning and Evening Exercises is a work almost universally known. His sermons and discourses are most elegant samples of theological literature. Rarely, indeed, is it that any thing of a jejune or lifeless character falls

from his pen. The following words, from a lecture of Mr. Jay on Contentment with Little, convey a very important truth:

"In reference to happiness, a man only *has* what he can *use*. If he possesses a thousand pounds which he can not use, it matters not, as to the benefit he derives from it, whether it be in his coffer, or in the bowels of the earth. When his wants are supplied, all that remains is his only to keep, or to give away, but not to enjoy. What is more than serviceable is superfluous and needless; and the man is only rich in fancy. Nature is satisfied with little; it is vanity, it is avarice, it is luxury, it is independence, it is the *God of this world*, that urges us to demand more."

True as these words may be, and widely as they may be confessed, the practice of mankind is steadily against them. "What is enough?" asks a satirist of the age; to which, as if anticipating the answer, he as sneeringly replies, "A little more than one has." A little more? Not a little more, but forever it is a good deal more than one has. It is grasp, grasp, always grasp at every thing that may flit before the eye, or dance before the mind, and nothing but the stern, rebuking hand of death can stay the insatiate and miser calls of this world.

THE SETTING SUN.

WALTER SCOTT, in early life, was carefully and religiously educated. At school he displayed many marks of a pious and devoted turn of mind. The following lines, written in his copy-book while under the tuition of Dr. Adam, principal of the Edinburgh High School, evince a most happy appreciation of the claims of God upon man:

"Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.
We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold."

The subsequent years of Sir Walter Scott were characterized somewhat by a decent respect for Christianity. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that in his life and heart there were not those deep and devotional feelings which should be cherished by every Christian, and which alone can render man in the sight of his Creator an amiable being.

EMBARRASSMENT IN THE PULPIT.

THE following paragraph occurs in the concluding chapter of the Life of Rev. William Gurley, written by his son, a work which can scarcely meet with too high praise as a graceful and truthful narrative:

"A preacher of another denomination once had an appointment in the neighborhood where he resided. The audience was large, for the place, and of different denominations. He commenced his sermon with evident embarrassment; proceeded about five minutes, when he became confused and speechless, and to his great mortification was obliged to take his seat; which he did, requesting, as he sat down, that some one would proceed with the meeting. The preacher had just come from a sacramental meeting, and two or three of his brethren in the ministry were with him. These were much mortified, likewise, and hung their heads in

silence. Perceiving their embarrassment, after a moment's pause Mr. Gurley rose, and with a smile on his countenance, broke the silence with this remark: 'For the iniquities of the people, hath the Lord shut the mouth of his prophet.' The audience, who were thus made to bear the blame of the failure, whether deservedly or not, were evidently relieved. Mr. Gurley proceeded to make a few remarks on the subject introduced, and then took his seat, when the brethren of the minister, who had been thrown '*hors du combat*,' proceeded with the exercises, and closed the services."

THE LAST HOURS OF LIFE.

It is only when standing on the verge of the grave, with eternity in endless prospective before us, and time in blank and ghastly desolation behind us, that we fully realize the dreadfulness of a misspent life. The sinner, with health and friends around him, counts only those moments happy when time flies most noiselessly and rapidly. He forgets that, of all things that carry wings, time can never fly backward. He forgets that the footsteps of time are unheard when he is treading upon roses. He forgets that his progress is the same in the busy noon of day as in the dead solitude of midnight. Day by day, hour by hour, and moment by moment, the sands keep falling from the glass of time, never again to take their place there; but the sinner, forgetful that existence is frittering away, hurries on in heedless self-indulgence, till the last grain is gone, and the earth is crumbling at his feet, and the mists of eternity are beginning to roll up in deep and darkening horror before him. Then he sees himself and his folly; then he counts over his past misdeeds and crimes; but how often in vain does he count; and how often does it happen that a voice is heard, "O, that thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

THE ATTENDANT OF THE CROCODILE.

"Visits to Monasteries on the Levant," is the title of a recent English work, from the pen of Hon. Robert Curzon, jr., an agreeable and facile writer. In a trip up the river Nile, Mr. Curzon observed many curious scenes. Among other things, he happened to be an eye-witness to a fact mentioned by that old Greek historian, Herodotus, but not attested by any modern traveler from the land of Egyptian curiosities. The fact may be questioned by some of our British and American naturalists; but as Mr. Curzon has acquitted himself as a man of strict integrity, throughout the previous part of his narrative, we submit his account of the crocodile and the ziczac as being, in every respect, truthful. Here is the story:

"I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and, noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank.

There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon.

"The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved; for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed ziczac! ziczac! with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud, apparently, of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain, for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history."

LEANING UPON GOD.

THE remarks following are from the pen of a divine who wrote early in the seventeenth century. They contain great practical wisdom, pungently and briefly set forth:

"If a man meet a dog alone, the dog is fearful, though never so fierce by nature; but if that dog have his master by him, he will set upon that man from whom he fled before. This shows that lower natures being backed with the higher, increase in courage and strength; and certainly man, being backed with omnipotency, is a kind of omnipotency. All things are possible to him that believeth; and, where all things are possible, there is a kind of omnipotence. Therefore, let us make a vow and a covenant to hold fast to our God and our religion, and then may we, from henceforth, certainly expect prosperity on this kingdom and nation. And to this covenant let every man say, Amen."

The failing with most of mankind is this—that they hold fast to every thing in the world except God, and God himself, being displeased with such unrighteous tenacity, lets go every sinner, who immediately becomes destitute of all help, human and divine.

LOVE FOR A SISTER.

A REMARKABLE instance of affection, cherished by a brother for a sister, is contained in an incident of the life of Prince William, son of Henry First, of England. The King, with his son and daughter, embarked at Barfleur, in Normandy, to come over to England. The ship in which the King sailed was soon out of sight of land. By some accident the Prince and his sister were detained; and the captain and his crew, having become intoxicated, ran the ship against a rock, causing it to sink almost immediately. The Prince got into the boat which was launched, and would have saved his own life; but hearing the cries of his sister, he ordered the

sailors to row back, whereupon the boat was so suddenly filled as to cause it to sink. Of all the ship's passengers and crew, but one man, a butcher of Rouen, escaped. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Fitz-Stephen, clung to the mast all night, and, being told in the morning how the young prince had perished, "Let me die, too," he exclaimed, and dropped into the waves. The loss of his only son caused King Henry the deepest sorrow, and historians tell us that, after the catastrophe, he never smiled. The reader who is familiar with Mrs. Hemans' poetry will recollect forcibly the lines on the death of the only son of King Henry.

THE ANGUISH OF SUSPENSE.

THE keenest misery, perhaps, which the human mind can suffer is suspense. To the young it is almost intolerable. Present or active misery always brings with it its own alleviation. It is an expression, found in almost every body's mouth, "Well, if I had known what was before me, I do not see how I could have endured the thought of such suffering." "Yet," says that apt and beautiful author, Miss Landon, "it is a dreadful thing to be left alone with one's imagination; to have to fancy the worst, and still not know what that worst may be. This, in early youth, has an acute anguish that after years may not know. As we advance in life, we find all things here too utterly worthless to grieve over them as we once could grieve; we grow cold and careless; the dust to which we are hastening has entered into the heart."

MISERIES OF WAR.

"THE life of a modern soldier," says Dr. Johnson, in his *Thoughts on the Falkland Islands*, "is illy represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and tens of thousands that perish in land and naval contests, a very small part ever feel the stroke of an enemy; the rest languish in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefactions; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping by long continuance of hopeless misery; and are, at last, whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melt away."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SYMPATHY.

TEARS proceed from one of two sources, sorrow or sympathy. There is a particular nerve supplying that part which causes the formation of tears, and it seems naturally to be stimulated only by a suffering state of mind. "Little griefs speak, great griefs are dumb," says Addison; which is strictly and physiologically true. Sorrow which is too violent for weeping causes an injury to the brain; it paralyzes the nerve referred to above, and thus inflicts on the sufferer a serious physical injury. There is a form of sympathy which frequently, and under peculiar circumstances, compels us to imitate the actions of others. This is particularly true in reference to persons who lead a confined and secluded life. Thus a French physician of decided reputation tells us of a convent of nuns, one member of which was accustomed to mew like a cat at a certain period of the day. In a very short time, the whole sisterhood could be heard at

their caterwauling orgies. The neighborhood, of course, became not only astounded, but annoyed by this new species of devotion. Every expedient was adopted to break it up; but not till it was announced that a band of soldiery would surround and whip all these caterwaulers was the exercise stopped.

The fact that imitative sympathy has a great deal to do with the actions of mankind, and especially among the indifferently educated, has caused some sweeping declarations, by foreign travelers, on what they are pleased to term "American religionists." Some of the best German, as well as English travelers—and we shall here only name, among the former, Ziegler and Naumann, and Sir Charles Lyell among the latter—have attributed all the religious sentiment prevailing in this country to sympathy and fanaticism. They speak of us as crying, laughing, singing, and shouting, with every variety of contortion and gesticulation, which, say they, we pass off for piety. That such things do prevail, among certain classes, no one denies; and that they frequently pass for genuine religion is equally conceded. But to affirm, as do some of our English friends, that all our religion is fanaticism and sympathy, is a libel on our character which neither common sense nor common observation will justify. Just as much fanaticism, on a different scale, prevails throughout all England and Europe. The reader versed in historical matters will recollect fully the dancing mania which prevailed during the fourteenth century, in the old world, among men and women, and which exerted a wide-spread and ruinous influence in the religious feelings of the people.

This imitative tendency, so prevalent among mankind, is happily not always productive of evil. The susceptibility of those who so readily submit to outward impressions furnishes, in itself, a check to their extravagance, since some new form of folly is always presenting itself, and succeeding excitements destroy each other. Moreover, when society shall become imbued with the practical spirit of truth, we have reason to believe that each succeeding generation will sympathetically, as well as from conviction, exhibit more perfectly the beauties of social and individual obedience to the divine law, which alone is the basis of all right education, and which requires all the superstructure to be conformed to its outline.

THE RIGHT TO TELL A FALSEHOOD.

"NO man," says Wilberforce, "has the right to tell a lie in a jest any more than he has a right to steal." It was a virtue, noted in Aristides and Epaminondas, that they would not lie "even in sport." The great law of Christianity forbids all lying in matters of interest and serious rights, and gives an appendix to this law, forbidding to lie in mirth; for "of every idle word a man shall speak, he shall give account in the day of judgment." Idle words and jestings, or, in other language, false words and foolish, are reckoned, by the apostle Paul, among "things uncomely." Fables, apologues, parables, or figures of rhetoric, and any artificial instrument of instruction or innocent pleasure, are not to be condemned. But he who, without any design of instruction, shall tell lies merely for the sake of making himself or others ridiculous, "hath set something upon his doomsday book which must be taken off by water or by fire, that is, by an unfeigned repentance or a speedy judgment."

NEW BOOKS.

THE HEBREW PEOPLE; or, the History and Religion of the Israelites, from the Origin of the Nation to the Time of Christ. By George Smith, F. S. A., etc. New York: Lane and Scott. 1850.—The Patriarchal Age, by the same author, received considerable attention and commendation on its republication in this country. This, in our judgment, is an abler work than that—more to the point—less speculative—covering the whole ground without being too minute. Without a closer reading than we have been able to give it, it will be impossible to give the exact *locale* which this book will take; but we are pleased with it, and hope, by all means, all clergymen will purchase and study it as it may seem to deserve. Now it is in our hands, we wonder how we could ever have done without it for a day. It has with us become a want.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TRACTS. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.—This is a compilation of essays on Sunday school topics, taken from a very great variety of sources. They will be read with interest. The book appears without the name of any editor; and yet it had an editor. We make no complaint about this feature. We are even pleased with it. We have often wondered, whether, in the Sunday school department in particular, the stereotyped phraseology, "revised by D. P. Kidder," in original works, did not tend to discourage authorship. Many persons, capable of making a good book, would dislike to have it understood that their works had to be *revised* by any body to render them worthy of publication. The word *edited*, it has seemed to us, would always be better than *revised*, unless it be really the fact, that some *revision* distinct from *editing*, has actually taken place. Every editor is supposed, in a certain sense, to revise the works that pass through his hands; but the act of revising presumes a good deal more labor than we have supposed is bestowed upon the *original* works of the Sunday school list. We may be very wrong in these remarks. One thing, however, we think is quite certain. The damper of *revised* should be taken off from original authorship, and used only where it is absolutely necessary and correct. In our own task of editing we have done a great amount of work, in many cases, not belonging to an editor, and once have *rewritten* every word of a large volume, and yet have never used the invidious term—*revised*. We have no personal interest in the matter, and would be understood as barely throwing out, in behalf of authors, a suggestion upon the point.

CHRISTIAN EFFORT; or, Facts and Incidents Designed to Enforce and Illustrate the Duty of Individual Labor for the Salvation of Souls. By Sarah Baker. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.—We are right glad to see this work. Its fair authoress will receive our unqualified thanks. The subject is of vast importance; and it is treated with good success.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. Compiled by Rev. Daniel Smith. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.—We have already given a favorable notice of Mr. Smith's Anecdotes for the Young, and we are prepared to state, in regard to the work before us, that it is skillfully and philosophically arranged, and is well calculated to be useful wherever circulated. Heretofore our books of anecdotes seem to have been gotten up solely for the purpose of amusement, or, at best, simply for the sake of passing away leisure moments in a manner not altogether irksome. No principle of order or analysis governed their construction. They were thrown together in every imaginable form, just to suit the caprice or the whim of the compiler, and to suit nobody else, nor any body's purpose. Their materials usually were good, but, like the stones of Solomon's Temple before the edifice was reared, they were scattered here, and there, and every-where, with confusion characterizing all. Mr. Smith's work is of a different character in every respect from such volumes. He has a specific end in his book. He first settles in his mind the principles he wishes to enforce and illustrate, and then goes on to add fact to fact under such head, making his work assume the form and perform the office of a cumulative argument. A well-written and pertinent introduction from Dr. Davis W. Clarke opens the volume. All the above can be procured at the Book Concern.

BRIDAL GREETINGS; a Marriage Gift. By Rev. Daniel Wise. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.—This little volume is altogether one of the neatest, if not the neatest, book ever issued from No. 300 Mulberry-street, New York. Its device, facing the title-page proper, is a most exquisite piece of artistic skill. Mr. Wise is very widely and favorably known among Methodists as an author. His Guide to the Savior, a small juvenile work, published a year or two since, has enjoyed and still maintains a popularity almost unexampled. Several other of his works are in deserved and high esteem. The present "Gift" must add to the fame of Mr. Wise as an elegant, an instructive, a practical, and a pious writer. His primary object is to illustrate and enforce the mutual duties of husband and wife. The work in detail comprises nine chapters, treating on the following subjects: Greetings and Cautions; On Avoiding the First Quarrel; On beginning Married Life Religiously; Of Religious Differences; Of Relatives and Friends; Home and its Arrangements; On Making Home Happy; On Conformity to Circumstances; Of Domestic Servants. All of these topics are most admirably discussed. Amid a multitude of good passages we select the following lines from chapter third, on beginning married life religiously: "The young couple should consecrate their home to God the first time they occupy it. They should strictly maintain the daily practice of reading the Scriptures and praying together through life. The presence of visitors, the introduction of boarders or domestics, the increase of the family by children, should not be permitted to overturn the sacred altar. Morning and evening, from the nuptial day to the day of burial, should witness the ascending incense of gratitude, love, and prayer. I assure the reader of this friendly counsel, that, on a death-bed, such an inviolability of the family altar would be a delightful recollection."

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II. By T. B. Macaulay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.—We have already, in another form, noticed this last great work of Mr. Macaulay. This edition, in duodecimo size, is altogether the neatest and cheapest issue of the modern press. We should pronounce the man insane who would grumble at giving forty cents for a volume like these, containing each over five hundred pages of matter, compactly but most beautifully and clearly printed.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. By the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, A. M. New York: Samuel Hueston. 1850.—This work, now publishing, will be completed in twenty-five parts at twenty-five cents each, or the Bible itself bound, when completed, can be had for seven dollars. It is accompanied with notes and reflections, and is, therefore, something of a Bible and commentary combined. Of these notes we can not speak advisedly, having examined but one or two of the numbers. The previous good reputation of Mr. Cobbin is such as to induce us to believe that they will be plain and strictly just. The illustrations are fair wood-cuts, and give very commendable expositions of various portions of the Scriptures. Not being of so unwieldy a size as some other pictorial Bibles, we doubt not it will command a ready sale and a large circulation. We shall procure one bound as soon as possible, and use it in our daily family devotions.

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.—We have been favored with a set of these fine readers by the publishers, Messrs. W. B. Smith & Co., of this city, and, without any desire to puff them or their publications, we state most unhesitatingly that M'Guffey's Eclectic Readers are superior as school books to any now published in the United States. Their typographical execution is just such as all school books should be, but such as the vast majority are not. They are well and substantially bound, and are printed with a bold, clear type on fair and substantial paper. Their literary character is very superior; their moral character is of the highest order; and their freedom from local and sectarian feeling entitles them to all praise. They are, we are glad to know, in very wide circulation, and we trust that, wide as that circulation is, it may still be increased throughout our country.

We are compelled, for want of space, to omit the notice of several other works now on hand.

PERIODICALS.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July presents the following table of contents:

1. *Leonardo da Vinci*—an essay on painting and paintings—fairly written and full of panegyric.
2. *The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris*—brief, but has some good extracts.
3. *Schiller's Wallenstein*—a clever review of Mr. S. T. Coleridge's translation of the greatest dramatic production from the greatest of the German dramatic poets.
4. *Life of Dr. Combe*—well spiced with extracts, and highly complimentary of Dr. Combe as a scientific and moral man. It will command general attention.
5. *Classical Education*—full of censure, some of which is rather undeserved, but the greater part just such as some professors of the classics deserve.
6. *Railway Management*—a first-rate article, and replete with just such information as every railway manager will desire to see.
7. *Prostitution*—not, as the word might import, an indelicate article; it is altogether the leader of the number, and is a most soul-harrowing view of the destitution and misery, the pollutions and crimes that afflict European cities. Its remarks apply in a great measure to America. We have never seen a piece so replete in its details on this most distressing vice which afflicts mankind.
8. *Foreign Literature*—quite full in extracts, and many paragraphs entitled to a careful reading.
9. *Critical and Miscellaneous Notices*—embracing over twenty notices of new and interesting works.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August is one of the best numbers we have seen for some time. Its list of articles is as follows:

1. *The Scottish Universities*—of very decided and general interest, and well written.
2. *Pendennis—The Literary Profession*—sparkling and witty. It is a review of W. M. Thackeray's recent work, entitled, "The History of Pendennis; his Fortunes and Misfortunes; his Friends and his Greatest Enemy."
3. *The English Language*—rather an elaborate article, but will be perused with interest and advantage.
4. *Tabular Bridges*—devoted to Messrs. Stephenson and Fairbank's methods of constructing railroad bridges, and quite well filled up with extracts and scientific criticisms.
5. *The Liberties of the Gallican Church*—a discussion of the principles which ought to regulate the relation between civil and ecclesiastical authorities.
6. *Wordsworth*—a notice of the death of this great English poet, with a most complete and impartial dissertation on his claims to eminence as a poetical writer.
7. *The Method of the Divine Government*—a brief review of a recent and professedly-valuable work on this subject by Rev. I. McCash, A. M.
8. *In Memoriam*—Tennyson's last work—a most interesting and laudatory review, enlivened by copious extracts and lively criticism.
9. *Trial of Professor John W. Webster*—In this the writer contends that Professor Webster was unjustly convicted, and, consequently, was unworthy of death. The article is not very judiciously arranged, nor finely written.
10. *Christianity in India*—rather long, but of profound interest. We commend its perusal.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.—We have not been able to give this periodical a reading for several months past. Its editor, Dr. Buchanan, stands, in this city, at the head of that branch of medical science called Eclecticisim, and enjoys a high popularity both as a writer and a physician.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS. Edited by Rev. D. S. King.—The August number of the Guide contains a good variety of choice religious reading matter. We note as the principal articles of the number a piece from the pen of Mrs. Upham on the Religious Character and Experience of Phebe Ann Jacobs, the pious and aged slave so extensively known in this country. Next, on Losing the Blessing, the Design of Afflictions, Christian

Experience, and a Precious Interview. We would recommend the Guide to our friends.

WESTERN LANCET AND HOSPITAL REPORTER.—This periodical, under the able editorship of Dr. Lawson, still maintains a high position in the public estimation. We hope for it continued prosperity and circulation.

THE FAMILY MIRROR. New York. Edited by Lucius C. Matlack.—With recent numbers of this unpretending but really-chaste and valuable periodical we have been delighted. We wish the editor long life and large success.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, under the skillful superintendence of Dr. Henkle, is winning for itself a wide circle of admirers and friends.

THE PHYSIO-MEDICAL RECORDER AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.—This is the organ of the botanical school of medicine in this city. It was formerly edited by Dr. A. Curtis, but is now under the supervision of Professor E. H. Stockwell. It seems conducted with skill.

THE CHARTER, RULES, AND REGULATIONS OF THE CINCINNATI HOUSE OF REFUGE AND ITS INMATES.—This long-needed institution was opened for the reception of inmates on the first of October, under the care of Mr. Rufus Hubbard as general superintendent. Accompanying this Charter we have three fine lithograph views of the House of Refuge—the first, a bird's-eye view, second, a front view, and, third, a rear view. Our want of space forbids transcribing some of the particulars relative to the origin, extent, government, and general nature of the institution. We have only to remark that it will materially diminish the number of petty juvenile vagrants and thieves, add a more healthful tone to community, and prove every way serviceable to our country and city.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—None of our readers are disinterested in the spread of the word of God. It is a matter too intimately connected with our individual happiness to be treated with neglect. The present report, like its predecessors, contains a very large amount of local and statistical information, list of legacies, life members, extracts of correspondence, etc. Those who would be advised accurately in reference to the operations of the Bible Society could not do better than to secure a copy of the Annual Report.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BY GOV. WRIGHT AND PRESIDENT BERRY AT THE INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY, July 16, 1850.—We have not had time, since returning home, to read up the great mass of books and pamphlets which have accumulated upon our hands; and these addresses are among the number as yet unread. We hear them highly spoken of by certain persons who heard them delivered; and, from our personal acquaintance with the gentlemen, we have no doubt they fully sustain their established reputation. We shall read them soon.

THE MAN-REPUBLIC, a Phi Beta Kappa Oration, etc. By D. D. Whedon. 1850.—This performance happened to fall into our hands when we had a little time to read; and we consequently read it through. It is, in our humble judgment, the best of the many excellent things produced by our old and much-esteemed friend. It is full of sound thoughts, wholesome precepts, and striking passages. Dr. Whedon always writes with the ability of a thinking man. His two sermons on baptism in Dr. Clarke's New York collection, are decidedly the profoundest, according to our judgment, as yet produced by the Methodist Episcopal Church. We would like to see them published in pamphlet form. We hope Dr. Whedon will not fail to use his pen frequently on such subjects as suit his genius, which, as we think, is metaphysical in a very high and commanding sense.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR. Delivered at Rochester, N. Y. By Rev. D. D. Buck.—This is a most creditable performance; and it made a deep impression on the community where it was delivered. We happened to be in Rochester near the time of its delivery, and heard it spoken of, by several of our friends, in high terms. It is well worth the reading.

* NEWSPAPERS.

A TRIBE or band of Indians, inhabiting the country beyond the Mississippi, are addicted to the practice of eating their fellow-creatures. They are called the Thick Wood Indians, and are regarded with the utmost abhorrence by the surrounding tribes.

In the University of Leipsic are fifty or sixty students who have been hopefully converted, and who often meet for reading the word of God and prayer. The spirit which prevails among them is said to be of a delightful character. This work has been greatly promoted by Dr. Harless, late Court preacher.

A small insect of a bright-yellow color is supposed to generate the potato disease in Ireland.

It is said one-third of the French army can neither read nor write.

Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity. A God who sees thee, a moment which flies from thee, an eternity which awaits thee. A God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly.

There are now five kirks and five general assemblies of Presbyterians in Scotland. They have the same doctrine, discipline, and worship, and yet are at swords' points.

Sheep may be fed on horse-chestnuts. In Switzerland the chestnuts are bruised in a machine for the purpose, and two pounds of them given to each sheep morning and evening, a little at a time. They impart a rich flavor to the mutton.

Never be angry with your neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same way.

Truth and holiness are, in the Christian system, so intimately allied, that the warm and faithful inculcation of the one lays the only foundation for the other.

The longest passenger train upon the records of the Boston railroads was brought from Worcester in August of this year by three locomotives. It consisted of forty-six long cars, and carried between 2,700 and 2,800 persons.

In New York city there are seven thousand journeymen tailors working for less than will keep themselves and families; say from five in the morning till eight in the evening, to earn from four to five dollars per week.

During the first six months of the present year the specie arriving at Southampton, England, was nearly \$12,000,000, of which upward of \$8,000,000 was in silver, and about three millions and a third in California gold.

The gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

The winking saints are becoming numerous. Fossombrone followed Rimini. San Genesio has a winking picture that now rivals both; and Terni has a Madonna that winks as intensely as all the preceding put together.

Every Lord's day in London about one million four hundred persons attend neither church nor chapel.

A Scotch farmer estimates the increase of the crop from sowing wheat in drills, instead of broadcast, at an average of one-fourth to one-third.

It is reported in England that the Bishop of Exeter is about to secede to the Church of Rome. His lordship is said to have been visited by the Rev. F. H. Newman, the famous Oxford convert.

I love a hearty grasp; it speaks confidence and good-will. When a man gives me his hand loosely, and it hangs in mine like a mere rag, I am apt to think he is either unfriendly or incapable of friendship—cold-hearted, calculating, and unfeeling.

Botta's great work, entitled *Nineveh*, has at last reached completion at Paris. It consists of five folio volumes of the largest size. Only four hundred copies have been printed. Three hundred of them are to be contributed by the government; and one hundred for the booksellers to be sold. The price is eighteen hundred francs a copy, or about six hundred dollars, the total expense of the edition being two hundred and ninety-six thousand francs, or not far from fifty-five thousand dollars.

The bee and the serpent often extract the same juices; but by the serpent they are converted into poison, while by the bee they are converted into honey.

In the early annals of London, it is laid down, after eligibility, that the incumbent of an alderman's seat, as a qualification, must be "comely of person, rich, generous, and of good condition."

The river Niagara, at the ferry just below the Falls, is two hundred and forty feet deep. A fact, says a scientific gentleman, of which we recently became cognizant, but which we never saw recorded.

A New Yorker named Grainger, is reported to be the largest landholder in Kentucky. He owns sixty thousand acres of land in the Barrens between Bardstown and Glasgow.

It is announced that a promising son of Kossuth is about entering one of the colleges of Paris to complete his education.

Nothing is more noble than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the best endowments of the mind.

Quantities of Irish gooseberries have lately been exported from Cork for England.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

India rubber flutes are now constructed in New York, said to be equal in tone to those of wood and ivory.

This is a law of eternal justice—man can not degrade woman without himself falling into the degradation; he can not raise her without becoming better.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

A Pennsylvania farmer states, that the water in which potatoes have been boiled, sprinkled over grain or garden plants, completely destroys all insects in every stage of existence, from the egg to the full-grown fly.

A company has been formed in Manchester, England, with a capital of £25,000, for the purpose of cultivating cotton in the West India Islands, especially in Jamaica.

One million two hundred and sixty thousand Irish have emigrated to the United States since 1825.

The currency of the world is stated by Thompson in his Reporter to be nearly as follows: Bank currency, \$650,000,000; specie in banks, \$445,000,000.

We often pretend to fear what we really despise, and to despise what we really fear.

The heart of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers; the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall, but buries them in her bosom and produceth nothing.

If we would enjoy ourselves we must take the world as it is; mix up a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there, a bright sky, a storm to-day, a calm to-morrow, the chill, piercing winds of autumn, and the bland, reviving air of summer.

One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illumine and quicken all future generations.

Napoleon's father was married at the age of nineteen, and his mother, though a widow at thirty, had thirteen children, of whom Napoleon was the second.

Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice.

Venders of publications unfavorable to the government in Prussia are liable to a severe punishment.

The New Haven Journal (Conn.) states that the maple-trees are drying and dying in a most ominous manner. They wear the look of trees struck by lightning.

The Great Western Railway is to be built. This road will extend from Niagara Falls to Sandwich, opposite Detroit.

Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their virtues.

A recent careful examination, made by Canadian engineers, has determined the level of Lake Superior to be twenty-one feet five inches above that of Lake Huron.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONCE more, good reader, the editor of the *Repository*, after a long absence, speaks to you, as the pedants say, in *propria persona*. We have been at home, it is true, for several weeks; but the making up of a number so long anticipates its publication, that this is the first opportunity we have had, since our return, of speaking directly for ourself. The Tables which you have read during the summer have been, almost exclusively, the products of another pen; and, therefore, all the pleasure and profit you have derived from them should be charged to us and credited to their proper source. The gentleman who has rendered us this assistance, Rev. Erwin House, A. M., has written, also, the notices of books, compiled the newspaper department, and prepared many of the shorter pieces. We trust you will be prepared to unite with us in rendering him due thanks.

It would be a miracle, of course, if, in writing so many paragraphs on such a variety of subjects, our assistant could perfectly understand and represent our personal opinions, or pursue precisely our style of thinking, on all the topics broached. This our readers will easily perceive, and yet there has been nothing, scarcely, so far varying from our usual mode of proceeding as to require being pointed out. Once in a while, we had to smile a little on reading in our columns an editorial opinion which we could not exactly own. Such cases, however, were remarkably rare, and generally of no account.

Perhaps some of our readers, who did not understand this secret, may have thought us, whatever else we may have neglected, quite attentive to our little bantering of a book. The references to it, we confess, rather exceeded our proud notions of self-respect; and yet our careful friend, in one of his paragraphs, declines making a full quotation of what some critic had kindly said, "lest our readers might think us egotistical." Such a fear could never have been expressed by us. Our readers know us too well, on that point, to admit of any qualms of conscience at this late date. They know, too, that we are not in the habit of showing much fear of any thing. What we think, we say, on all subjects, whether they relate to ourself, or to somebody else. This we have always done. This we intend to do, and that right out and out, let the world think what it will, or may. The thinking part of the matter belongs to the world. The other part belongs to us. Nor would it be very generous in us, at this time, to begin to exercise our fears. The kindness of our friends would long since have banished all fears, had we been at all disposed to them.

In one of the book notices, in a recent number, which we did write, there is one line which may have been misunderstood. We did not mean, by speaking of editing the *Repository* as only a recreation from real toils, to be understood that we have not done our best. We supposed, till we were directed to the remark by a female friend, that its meaning was too obvious to those acquainted with our habits to need any amplification. Many of our readers, nevertheless, may need to be told, that, for almost twenty years, our studies have been pretty much confined to musty old Greek, Latin, and other books; and we meant to say, that our duties as editor, in the midst of these continued studies, were always undertaken as a recreation, as a pleasure, not as a drudgery, or a task. We also had in view the fact, not generally understood by our readers, we presume, that our other official labors, as editor of the books published at Cincinnati, such as correcting manuscripts and reading proof, etc., etc., were real burdens, from which we have always taken refuge to the *Repository* with delight. Our fair readers may be assured, at all events, that we intended no slight; and that, whatever betides, as the month comes round, we always put on our finest "dickie," and make our very best bow to them.

Our engravings for the month must be judged of by our readers. "Morning" is, of course, a fiction. The "Scene on the Wabash" is a real scene—a scene which actually occurred: it was taken down at the time by Mr. Winter, the "Indian Artist," from the life. We have stood upon the spot ourself, and heard Mr. Winter describe it in his lifelike, picturesque, impressive style. We have more in reserve for the coming year.

In looking over several of the back numbers, since our return, we have noticed a few typographical errata, both in our own communications and in those of our correspondents. We would willingly make the corrections for the latter, would they be of any use; but no one would go back to apply them, should we publish the corrections fifty times. So far as our own are concerned, we care not a straw about them. We have lived thus far without ever asking any printer to correct errata in our own pieces; and, unless something decidedly awful should occur, such as a misrepresentation of important facts, we intend to die as we have begun. We consider it decidedly bad taste to be worrying the world with the publication of errata. It betrays a *fussyness*—there is no genuine word sufficiently emphatic—which does not speak well for the good-humor and independence of the person in whom it is discovered. Shakspeare, we are told, never even read his immortal compositions, after they had served his purpose, and passed through his hands. Whether ill or well printed was no care to him. His really great mind felt sure of success, without any final and over-sensitive meddling with the common but trivial frailties of the press. We do not pretend to claim the same amount of dignity of mind; but we feel quite equal to Shakspeare, or any body else, in a most hearty indifference to all typographical blunders. The worst effect they have had upon us is to make us laugh at the ludicrous nonsense which is seen to lie within the capacity of a case of staggering, if not drunken, type. The true philosophy for a writer is exactly this: if he is generally known to be a correct writer, no sensible reader will charge typographical errata to his account; and these errors will be so readily corrected by all such, as to be entirely out of mind by the time the paragraph, page, or article is once read. It is, therefore, bad policy, as well as bad taste, to remind the public of what was forgotten or unobserved.

Never do we think there was a greater influx of strangers into Cincinnati than was experienced during the first week in October. Three fairs were the occasion of the assemblage of between thirty and forty thousand visitors from almost all parts of the United States. The Ohio State Fair was held at Camp Washington, a short distance from the city proper, on the Miami canal. Here was exhibited almost every thing that a man could think of, whether of a useful, scientific, or practical character. At the Mechanics' Institute, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, was a collection of articles of nearly as great a variety, though not spread over quite so much ground, as at the Agricultural Fair. Our visit to the exhibition at the Institute was rather brief, but of a very instructive character. We most heartily wish this institution success, as nothing in our midst has better deserved success. The Horticultural Fair, given at the same time, at Masonic Hall, corner of Third and Walnut streets, was also a most magnificent exhibition. It gave great satisfaction to the public.

Our correspondents are advised of the acceptance of the following prose articles: A Lesson from History, or a Sketch of the Character of Alexander the Great; The Great Feast; The Savior's Work Finished; Costly Temples; Henry Kirke White; A Chapter on Domestic Economy; Miniature Sketches; The First Rainbow; Jeremy Taylor; Recollections of my Chum. Correspondents will please remember that the narrative style has the preference to the mere essay. Our esteemed friend who sends us a second copy of "In Memoriam," is informed that his first article was in type several days before the receipt of his revised copy. Hence the impossibility of meeting his wishes.

The following is our list of poetic articles on hand: My Home; Beauty; The Crown; The Angel and the Orphan; Return to my Native Sea-girt Isle; Mother; Home and Heaven, or the Glorious Triad; Storm and Calm; Farewell to the Ocean.

The next number completes the volume. We are not fond of making promises, or we would speak definitely of the extraordinary pains that we have taken for the increased interest of the *Repository* during the coming year. It may be enough, if not too much, for us to say, that we think we have better prospects for next year, than for any year before. We desire to beat the past.



MY ONLY SISTER.

—
BY MRS. M. J. A. KELLY.
—

Only sister! by that word
Worlds of thought within are stirred—
Thought that throbs my aching head—
Thought that brings to me the dead.

Only sister! I had three
In the days of childhood's glee,
Ere the ruthless monster, Death,
Breath'd on them his pois'nous breath.

One, a bud of beauty rare,
Opening in this world of care,
Was transplanted quick away
To the realms of endless day.

One, in older years, with me
Frolick'd 'neath the same green tree;
'Tis there alone, in sad decay,
She sleeps the silent years away.

Only sister! by that word
Bitterest thoughts in me are stirred—
Thoughts of cold and marble forms
Left of life's all-glowing charms;

Thoughts of sighs and sad farewells
When the eye its anguish tells—
Thoughts of pall, and grave, and bier,
Weeds of woe and falling tear.

Only sister! by that word
Let far sweeter thoughts be stirred;
God to me the three hath given—
One on earth and two in heaven.



ENGRAVED BY J. A. SMITH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GEORGE WINTHROP

BIG SNAKE CREEK, INDIANA.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE L. M. DEPOSITORY

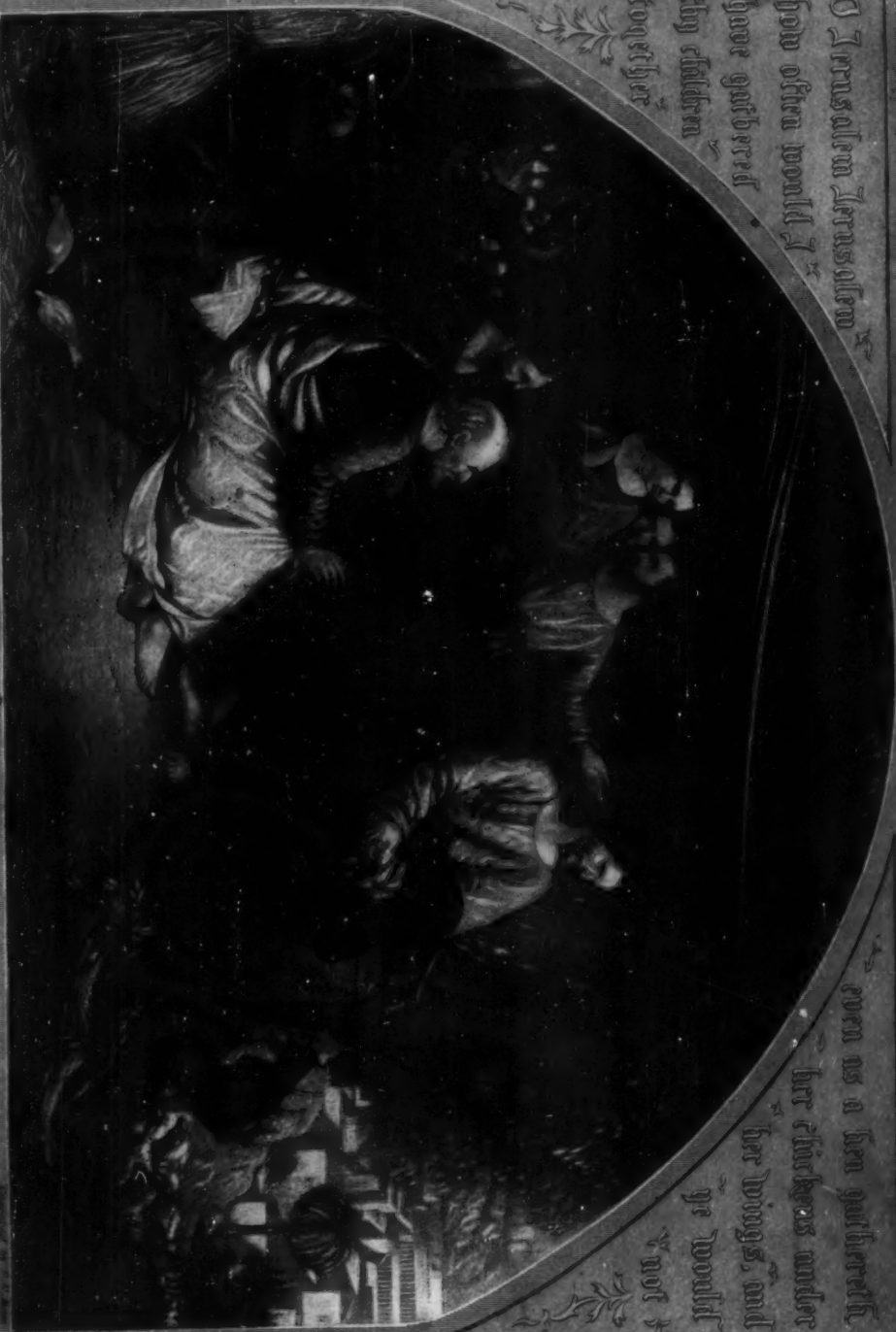
THE STATE OF INDIANA.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LAND OFFICE.

Capital and Profit with Accumulation

O Jerusalem Jerusalem
how often would I
have gathered
thy children
together

even as a hen gathereth
her chickens under
her wings, and
ye would
not



Christ weeping over Jerusalem

THE DEPARTED.

WORDS BY ERWIN HOUSE.

Dedicated to Miss JULIA COLBURN.

Music by F. WERNER, Steinbrecher.

The
Thy

This system contains the first four measures of the song. It features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

tear is starting in my eye; 'Tis not because I fear to die; The sigh is rising in my breast; 'Tis
name so silver sweet I call, Thy step so still—I hear its fall; Thy heart so warm, is all my own; Thy

This system contains measures 5 through 12. The vocal line continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

not be-cause I feel un-blest; But thou art gone, and I am left Of
thoughts be-long to me a-lone; Thy im-age fair, by mem-ory's art Is

This system contains measures 13 through 20. The vocal line features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand in measure 14.

eve-ry charm of life be-reft. mir-rored still up-on my heart.

This system contains the final measures of the song, measures 21 through 28. The vocal line concludes with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

THE DEPARTED.—CONTINUED.

I see before me pictured now, Thy parted lips, thy smiling brow; I
 cannot deem thee fondest, dead, Though all of thee from earth is fled; Thou

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff, piano accompaniment in the middle and lower staves, and a bass line in the bottom staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words appearing above it for emphasis.

hear thy melting music flow, I mark thy cheek with rapture glow, And yet I turn from
 liv'at be-yond the starry sky, Where youth and beauty never die, The land of changeless

The second system continues the musical composition. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are consistent with the first system. The lyrics continue across the measures, with some words appearing above the vocal staff.

all and weep, Since thou with - in the grave dost sleep.
 light and bliss—That high - er, fair - er world than this.

The third system of the musical score shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue across the measures, with some words appearing above the vocal staff.

This system contains musical notation for the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line, but it does not contain any lyrics.

The fourth system of the musical score shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the piano and a final note in the vocal melody.